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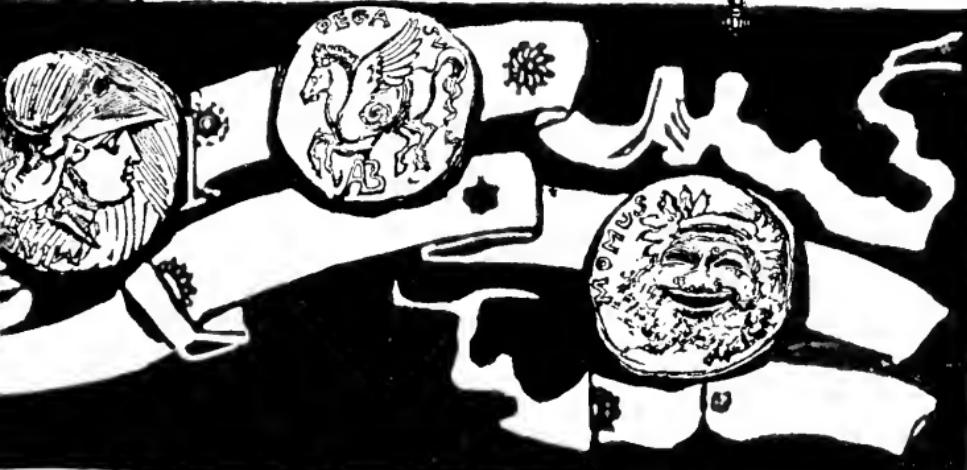
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ABOARD AND ABROAD



By W. P. BREED, D.D.

New York
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BY

W. P. BREED, D.D.



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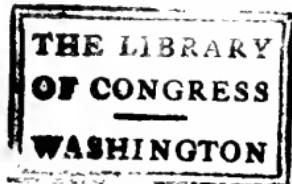
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PREFACE.

THESE letters were written without the remotest thought of their reaching the public in any other form than that of the newspaper column. They have appeared, most of them in the New York *Evangelist*; some of them in the *Presbyterian Journal*, and some of them in the *Episcopal Recorder*, and some of them for the first time in these pages. They were written, several of them, on shipboard, while at times the vessel was apparently making strenuous and laudable efforts at a complete revolution on its horizontal axis, necessitating a continual swaying of the body to preserve a reasonably upright position and an occasional convulsive scramble to keep papers, portfolio, and inkstand from a precipitate rush to the floor of the saloon. A considerable number were written in hotels, under the feeble gleam of a candle—gas being a too precious commodity to waste on sojourners. Our library consisted of our memory, the regulation guide-books, Hare's excellent “Walks in London,” Dean Stanley's charming “Westminster Abbey,” and Green's “Short History of the English People.”

Yielding, of course “very reluctantly,” to the expressed wishes of friends, the letters now venture forth tremblingly to the public view on the pages of this little volume. If the readers shall be somewhat enlightened and instructed thereby, if prospective tourists shall be

assisted in their sight-seeing, if copies enough be sold to cover expenses, and last, not least, if those dreadful spirits that walk the earth both when we wake and when we sleep, to let aspiring authours know what a nightmare feels like—we mean the crities, should they condescend to notice the book at all—will be only reasonably unsevere, the authour will be satisfied, though he will not unfeelingly turn a deaf ear to any commendations their autocracies may see fit to bestow.

W. P. BREED.

PHILADELPHIA, January, 1885.

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ABOARD AND ABROAD.

ON THE OCEAN.

STEAMSHIP CITY OF RICHMOND, June, 1884.

"NOTHING tortures history so much as logic," wrote Guizot, and nothing tortures logic so much as history. The history of our first hours on board effectually reshaped the logic of our programme. That programme, largely drawn up by ladies' fingers, including an early, very early arrival at our quarters below deck, an unpacking and "setting to rights" of our state-room fixings, and then an eligible viewpoint on deck as the City of Richmond floated out into and across the bay, past the wharves with their buzzing swarms of golden honey-seekers, past the forests of masts, serpentine among the water craft of every variety, from the shell of a rowboat dancing on the wave, ferryboat, and yacht, to the kingly steamer ; past Bedloe's Island, where the Bartholdian Liberty does not yet enlighten the world ; past Gibbet Island, where they used to hang pirates ; past Governor's Island, where Gen. Hancock keeps watch and ward, and where that piece of tottering brick antiquity, Fort Hamilton, shows an ominous symbol of the condition of our coast defences ; on between Fort Lafayette and Fort Wadsworth, if that is its name, out of the Narrows, and out to sea.

But the plan of pre-entrance of our state-room and adjustment of things was met by the emphatic negative of the polite and efficient baggage-master of the Inman Line, Pier No. 36. "No, gentlemen and ladies, it will not be allowed! No baggage in rooms till the ship is loose from the wharf." It seems that as eagles around the prey, so thieves in pantaloons and thieves in the other sort of attire hover around a departing ship, and many a passenger has missed a precious parcel that has been carefully deposited in some nook in the state-room, as in a place of unquestioned security. One lady thus parted with a box of jewels. A "perfect gentleman" in manners and attire was arrested, and found to be most affluently provided with passports to trunks, satchels, etc., in the shape of keys and other cunning instruments of ingress. Then, to our amazement, half way down the bay our ship dropped anchor, and waited for two hours for water to float us over the bar! But "it's an ill wind that blows nowhar." The delay in the bay enables certain passengers to take in peace and comfort the only dinner they thus enjoyed for several days.

We find the City of Richmond a city that is compact together whither the tribes go up, and where for ten days or so they sojourn in comfort and safety. The ship is finely ventilated. Great tin funnels with capacious mouths open above the deck, swallow down great gulps of ocean air and disgorge it into the passage-ways below, and with such force as in one instance almost to de-cap-itate a lady friend of mine as she passed unsuspectingly by; at least the gust seized her cap with the evident intent of projecting it through the porthole just opposite into the sea for the benefit of Neptune's maidens, who dwell in the grottoes below, and make

the ocean beautiful ; but the gust had miscalculated the number and strength of hairpins.

The state-rooms are commodious, table good, officers gentlemanly, the captain free in his intercourse with passengers and of very genial manners. In physique our captain is a typical Englishman. His name is Captain F. S. Land. Had his parents named him Isaac, he would in all circumstances have been an I. Land ; even in the position of that patch of territory of which the showman spoke when he said : "This animal, my little dears, was found in an island which is seventy-five miles, distant from both land and water." One great advantage in crossing the ocean in the Richmond, with him in command, is that through the whole voyage the passenger is at farthest never more than some two hundred feet from Land.

SAFETY OF LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.

Until my conversation with Captain Land I had a landsman's suspicion that more or less danger attended ocean transit, but the captain almost convinced me that about the only place of complete safety on the planet is the deck or cabin of a good ship, with a good captain in command. I find that it is incalculably more dangerous to go from New York to Chicago in an express train than to go from New York to Liverpool in a good steamer. And as to collisions, why those trains, even though the iron track is laid down for them to hold them to their course, in spite of all, dash into one another and knock each other to flinders ! "Why bless my soul, a man came over with me and was so frightened that he vowed he would never again risk his life on the ocean, and he had not been on land more than three days when a brick fell on his head, as he was walking the streets of Liver-

pool, and killed him !” It was of course impossible to deny that the cases are very rare in which bricks fall from scaffolds on the heads of passengers on shipboard, nor does it admit of question that the mortality on shore greatly exceeds the mortality at sea.

FOGS.

But the captain freely admitted that a fog was always the lurking-place of peril. If there was anything in the world he could do without it was a fog, and if they awaited his orders, the first one would be post-millennial. At the time of our sailing, an Allegheny range of fog-mountain frowned from Newfoundland to Long Island. Accordingly, the lights of the range of hotels on Coney Island had hardly disappeared below the horizon when we found ourselves deep in its caverns. And now for some twelve hours about every thirty seconds the satanic screech of the fog-whistle tore through the passage-ways and through the ears and along the nerves of the passengers, keeping them keenly alive to the possible proximity of a shattering collision with something. One serious element in this discomfort lies in the length of these steamers and the consequent difficulty of diverting them from their line of onward movement. Our steamer reared up on end by the side of our West Spruce Street church steeple, would reach 120 feet higher than the top of the spire ; set down in Sixteenth Street with one end at Spruce Street, the other end would obstruct travel in Pine Street. It is obviously impossible to get such dimensions out of the way as quickly as one can jerk a boy off a railroad track. But Captain Land insists that a chief ingredient in this fog-peril will be eliminated when men in command of vessels will consent to blow the steam-whistle often enough. In a still, quiet fog the whistle

is heard for miles, and by its voice such information respecting position and movement may be passed as to obviate all danger of collision. As it is, many a calamity sends terror and death among passengers, and heartache to many a fireside, simply because so long a time is allowed to elapse between the whistle-screams, that when the last blast is given the collision has already become inevitable.

Captain Land has had experience of the felicities of collision. He commanded the City of Brussels when she was run into and sent to the bottom in twenty minutes, and at the end of that period he had the passengers all in safety, and he and his crew were swimming about in the Channel like goldfish in an aquarium.

Another peril of the seas is

THE ICEBERG.

We are off "The Banks," the sun is going down, and in the horizon to the north a dazzling point of light, and then a few miles away another, and then still another ! They approach and grow in size and brilliancy, and the exciting word is simultaneously on every lip, "Icebergs !" Yes, there they are, with their crystal walls rising sheer from the water's edge, their splintered pinnacles and rugged humps showing like mountain diamonds—Kohinoors—in the rays of the descending sun. One of them, a vast table of ice, with a tower at each corner, suggests the Taj Mahal, another the Castle of Heidelberg, and the third the prow of a huge ship, all coming down upon us like floating Gibraltares, to ride us beneath the wave, and leave no one to tell the tale. The captain shakes his head at the white icy demons, and exclaims, "From fogs and icebergs, good Lord deliver us !" It is principally in the dark night that these ice

rocks are terrible. "The rascals," says the captain, "if they would show their lights and blow their whistles!" But they steal down upon the unsuspecting ship with its sleeping freight of human life, full of dreams of home and home jewels, the monsters pushing before them far-reaching terraces of cutting crystal beneath the surface of the sea, and the first warning is the crash that awakes the doomed floating household, men, women, and children, to despair and death! And yet how bright the monsters gleam in the sunlight! How they smile and beckon us to await their coming, white all over with the sheeted ghosts of those whom their chill brothers have hurried into eternity! No, thank you! We feel already your death-chill in the air. The good City of Richmond is just now going fifteen miles an hour, and five miles an hour is the utmost speed your lumbering peril can achieve; so we leave you to the ultimate fate of all peril to man—to dissolution. While we are safe and sound upon the land, yon will be dissolved into useful brine by the persuasive calorie of the Gulf Stream, a better fate than yon deserve!

Some one of those pretentious sciolists that swarm in society has sneeringly assured the Christian world that it must yield "From Greenland's icy mountains" to the iconoclast's hammer, because, forsooth, it has been discovered that the interior of Greenland is a beautiful expanse of verdure. And for many a day to come, some who have read that statement will recall it whenever that hymn is sung. But hardly had it appeared when the papers of Mr. Whymper and the Duke of Argyle inform the world that the *conjecture* of Norden-skjold, repeated as a *fact* by the eager iconoclast, as to the verdant fertility of Greenland has no foundation, and that in fact all Greenland, a terrestrial expanse larger

than India, is overlaid and crushed down under a pall of ice and snow, in many places hundreds, if not thousands, of feet thick ! Through fiords on the western coast, this interior continent of ice flows in glaciers, which slowly crawling out to sea, at length break off and come floating southward, and lie in wait for unsuspecting ships, that they may in night or fog dash themselves to pieces against their rocky sides.

But, after all, the chilliest, grimmest of icebergs lurking in the path of human life is Unbelief, against the sides of which, when the collision comes, is ground to ruin all that is bright and beautiful in fancy, true and creative in imagination, valuable in history, precious in domestic life, and priceless in Christian hope. But these icebergs are shortlived. They soon melt in the warm Gulf Stream. And as surely as the sun shines, in the warm atmosphere of Christian Faith, Unbelief will dissolve, and like the baseless fabric of a dream, leave no mark behind. Amen, and Amen !

THE MISSIONARY AND THE CONSUMPTIVE.

During the passage we became acquainted with one of the “intermediate” passengers, the Rev. James Baugh, a Wesleyan Methodist, twenty years a missionary in India, now for a time pastor of a church in Cornwall, England. Partly for his health, partly to “prospect” for his boys, he had visited California. We found him an earnest, devout servant of the Master. Mr. Baugh expected to return to India and resume his work. He was well acquainted with the celebrated Ram Chunder Sen. In a conversation with Mr. Sen, Mr. Baugh asked him :

“ Why do you not fully adopt the Christian faith and place yourself at the head of this great movement ? ”

He answered, looking straight before him and not at any one in the company :

" Day before yesterday I did not know what I should be yesterday ; yesterday I did not know what I should be to-day ; to-day I do not know what I may be to-morrow." This was all the reply.

Ram Chunder Sen lost considerably in reputation among his followers by one act of great, though perhaps pardonable, inconsistency. A prominent tenet of the Brahmo-Somaj forbids the marrying of daughters under fourteen years of age. But when a certain Rajah of note proposed to marry Chunder Sen's daughter, ten years old, the temptation was too strong for the father's principles, and principles gave way to interest ; or perhaps to affection for his child, whose welfare, all things considered, he may have supposed would be promoted by such an alliance.

Our acquaintance with Mr. Baugh originated in an incident that resulted greatly to the advantage of a certain family in the steerage. An anonymous note was put into my hand, saying that a young man, erelong to die of consumption, on his way back to his home in the interior of Ireland, was to be landed at Liverpool with wife and two children and without a penny for food or travel. Friends in New York had paid the passage to Liverpool, but no farther. The intermediate passengers had contributed a purse of some forty-five shillings, and we were asked to add to the little fund. To ascertain the facts of the case we sought, through Mr. Baugh, an introduction to the family. The mother was pale, slender, with a bright, hollow-cheeked babe in her arms and an older child clinging to her skirts. The husband and father carried in his face and in his emaciated frame the clearly written sentence of death. Our report of the case re-

sulted in a subscription and a “concert” and some seven pounds in money. This the ladies of the saloon put into a bag and judiciously conveyed to the woman without the knowledge of her fellow-passengers in the steerage, and hung it about her neck. The family were Romanists, and a priest in the saloon was informed of the case, but too obviously gave it very little of his attention.

SABBATH AT SEA.

“The kingdom of heaven is like unto leaven,” and like a resistless leaven it has penetrated the customs, the thought, the will of the Christian world. What a marvellous effect of quiet power the arrest laid, one day in seven, upon the world’s clashing, clangling enginery! We found the Sabbath in the very air a thousand miles out at sea. Of course our floating microcosm contains a great variety. Some of our people wear their robes of veneration for sacred things very loosely girdled about them. But all day long a most decided Sabbath air pervaded our little world. The usual games were intermitted. When the bell rang for worship, a very large proportion of our population assembled in the place of prayer, including a considerable portion of the crew. The captain read the Church of England service, and then, as the only other clergyman on board was of the Vatican persuasion, he politely requested the writer to give the congregation a ten minutes’ sermon, which he did, and, strange as it may seem, kept within the time! In the afternoon we held a regular Presbyterian service. Of the music, the best that we can say is that it was hearty and well-meant, though there is reason to fear that none of the pieces would have been encored at the Academy of Music. In the evening two companies of singers, one at each end of the deck, rolled out upon the air in loud

choruses "Rock of Ages, cleft for me," "Jesus, Lover of my Soul," "Tell me the Old, Old Story," etc. A Presbyterian young lady insists that all day long the engine, as the sturdy piston-rods shot up and down, kept repeating, "man's chief end, man's chief end, man's chief end," etc. So, although we have an Episcopal captain, it is plain that we have a Presbyterian engine, as orthodox as Calvin, and as persistent and uncompromising as Knox.

And now another Sabbath is approaching, and so is Queenstown.

THE GREAT PRESBYTERIAN COUNCIL.

BELFAST, July 5, 1884.

LONG before the hour appointed for the meeting of the Council on the morning of the 24th of June, the crowd began to gather in the street in front of the Clifton Street church (the Rev. John Meeredy, pastor), and when the procession emerged on its way to St. Enoch's, the blue badges flapping in the wind, it was welcomed by cheer after cheer with true Irish heartiness. The able and appropriate sermon of Dr. Watts to an immense congregation was a fitting introduction to the ten days' series of Council "sederunts." The public reception in the evening at the Botanical Gardens by the Mayor of Belfast, Sir David Taylor, dressed in his official regalia, was a splendid affair.

In fine keeping with such an opening of the Council were the dinners in Ulster Hall—a hall of vast proportions, very high ceiling, galleries at one end and along the sides, at the other end an immense organ, and in

front of it a high platform with an almost regal canopy in the centre. Tables to seat many hundreds were ranged side by side along the length of the hall. On the face of the gallery, in almost every panel, was the burning bush, no two forms alike—*ardens sed virens, noctumen consumebatur*. But what most quickly caught the eye and gratified the Philadelphians was a beautiful reproduction of Dr. McCook's fine historical panels ranged on the walls beneath the galleries. These and the burning bushes were the work of a “true blue” Presbyterian lady, Mrs. Samuel Andrews, of Belfast. As the crowd of hungry Councilmen, with their wives and daughters, filed in between the tables, they were greeted with thundering tones from the lungs of the great organ ; and ere the viands were attacked a psalm of praise was sung, and the whole proceeding closed with fine after-dinner orations.

The character and influence of the Council as a whole has been unquestionably and powerfully stimulating to every healthful impulse of the Church, both doctrinal and practical. It was something to have to report some sixty-five thousand dollars collected and invested to supplement the salaries of the pastors and professors in the Waldensian valleys ; another fund of twenty-five thousand dollars, initiated and somewhat advanced, for the struggling brethren of Bohemia, and measures taken to complete this and accomplish other similar work. To those in more direct communication with the feebler Presbyterian churches scattered over the European Continent, it is touching to mark the eagerness of the gaze they fix upon the Alliance, as represented in the Council. To them the Alliance is more than a beacon in the dusky and troubled horizon—it is a quickening, energizing force ; and the failure of this effort to combine the Pres-

byterianism of the world, would send a chill through all their souls. Against failure, however, the steps toward more compact organization give good security.

ST. ENOCH'S CHURCH.

The church of St. Enoch opened wide to the Council its hospitable doors, and welcomed it with psalms and hymns and spiritual songs. As the patriarch Enoch was of course a Presbyterian, he no doubt looked a benediction from his sunny heights upon the great crowd of champions of the faith, come from the ends of the earth to further and fortify the interests of the great cause. Not many church edifices are so well adapted to the needs of such a body, where much of the speaking is done from various parts of the house. Indeed, the churches that I have seen in Belfast are built upon a different plan from most of ours. They cover less ground, abound in galleries, and thus seat large numbers within a small circumference. St. Enoch's is what we may call a three-story church. Two deep galleries look from three sides of the church upon the pulpit on the fourth side, and with the pews upon the floor the church will seat about three thousand people. The pulpit is high, and behind and above it, in a deep, large recess, the choir, consisting of fifty or sixty voices, poured a tide of harmony over the house.

Nothing has struck me more forcibly than the fondness of the people here for the songs of Zion. In the services of the churches we attended a much larger room was given to song than in our churches at home—larger in time, larger in volume—for here the injunction is not ignored, “Let *all* the people praise Thee.” At the opening of the sessions, and often at the close, and repeatedly between the several papers, and as the Council

passed to a fresh subject, four, five, or six verses of a psalm were sung.

The Rev. Hugh Hanna is the first, and so far the only, pastor of this church ; “ and from the few who called him to be their minister, he has built up this wonderful congregation, which is a credit not only to Belfast, but to Presbyterianism.” So says the London *Presbyterian*. Among other facts that testify to the vigorous vitality of this church is the fact that its Sabbath-school roll embraces three thousand names ! We thought that we in America “ beat all creation” in the size of our Sabbath-schools, but we have few so large as this.

THE CUMBERLAND PRESBYTERIANS.

The very rafters of St. Enoch’s rang again with the eloquence evoked by the Cumberland Presbyterian question. The large and able committee who had the matter in charge, embracing almost every shade of opinion, after elaborate consideration unanimously recommended the admission of that Church to the Alliance, and of their delegates to the Council. Notwithstanding this, it soon became evident that the question was one of great difficulty and great delicacy. As Dr. Chambers said, the case was unlike any other that had come before the Council. It was true that the Assembly of that Church had by formal vote adopted the Constitution of the Alliance, but it was also true that they had since that adopted a revision of the Confession of Faith and Shorter Catechism, copies of which revision were in the hands of some of the members, and which excluded matter that was vital to the Calvinistic system. It was said in behalf of the applicants that there were other churches in the Alliance whose doctrinal position was quite as questionable as that of the Cumberland brethren. This is undoubtedly

true. But the actual Confessions of most of the churches that embody unsound elements are very sound, and it is one thing to admit to the Alliance churches containing unhealthy elements whose doctrinal standards are sound, and another to admit churches whose very standards are adverse to what the "Consensus" holds to be Scripture teaching. In the case of the former, it may be hoped that the leaven of pure doctrine in their standards may work advance in the right direction, while in the case of the others there is reason to fear progress in the wrong direction. Dr. Charles Hodge once said that two persons may actually stand upon the same knoll on the hillside and thus be equally near the top, but our judgment of them severally will be determined by the direction in which they are going. The one ascending the hill Difficulty may be no nearer the palace Beautiful than the one going down, and yet he is much fitter to be our companion on the way. Now the recency of what all agreed was a most unhappy departure from sound doctrine could not fail to impress very many minds with the feeling that the doctrinal progress of these brethren is in the wrong direction.

And in these days, when the apostles of innovation are watching with eagle eye and welcoming with ill-concealed exultation every apparent symptom of decline in faith and surrender to the clamors of unbelief, no inconsiderable number in the Council felt that to admit these brethren without *caveat* would be sure to be interpreted as evidence of sympathy with them in their disposition to modify and mutilate the venerable standards of the Church. Accordingly, Dr. Chambers's amendment to the effect that the Council admit these delegates *without approving of the revision*, carried by the vote of 112 for and 74 against, saved the Council from committal to

those unhappy modifications of the good old standards, admitted the Church to the Alliance, and thus solved what very many of the Council felt to be an exceedingly perplexing difficulty. This narrow gate fairly passed, the subsequent treatment of the brethren thus admitted was certainly all that could be desired. They were welcomed to the floor with applause, and one of their number was chosen to preside at one of the meetings of the Council.

EPISODES.

Saturday, June 28th, was altogether episodal. The far-reaching hospitality of Belfast Presbyterianism having planned an excursion this day to the Giant's Causeway, by rail, and a pedestrian suffix, under the lead of Bishop Simpson, of Port Rush round by Tonduff, or, as one of our Philadelphia elders called it, Thomas Duff, the Council, by a self-denying ordinance, intermitted labor and "accepted the situation." It proved to be the anniversary of the Queen's coronation, and combined with its celebration was that of the Queen's birthday, which, on account of the death of Prince Leopold, had been deferred. Belfast was all alive with processions. One passed under our windows, walking in the middle of the street—a long line of neatly-dressed, merry-spirited Sunday-school children, with their teachers, headed by a band of music, and the band headed and flanked by a motley Arab crew (male and female), the latter, many of them dirty, ragged, and, what we so seldom see in America, *barefooted*, planting the foot down with an energy that was careless of pebbles and other impediments to comfort.

For dominating reasons we did not join the party, but compensated ourselves with two shorter excursions. In the morning we went south four miles to the Giant's

Ring. This ring was probably intended for the finger of the Giant Fin M'Coul, who built the Causeway. It is certainly big enough for any giant of reasonable size, as lying on the ground it forms a circular mound, reminding one of the far-famed eireular mounds in Ohio. It encloses several acres, and is some twelve or fifteen feet high. In the centre is a large cromlech, or stone altar. The number of great stones standing on edge and forming the sacred eircle is seven—the mystic number seven. Resting upon these seven stones is another very large one, which formed the top of the altar. An enlightened, large, and judicious liberality has enclosed the whole “Ring” with a massive wall, and secured to future generations the possession of this curious relic of a remote antiquity.

“ Soldiers !” said Napoleon, pointing to the great pyramid, “ from that summit forty centuries look down upon us.” And to-day as we confronted those silent stones we know not how many centuries returned our gaze, nor what rivers of blood had at the bidding of grim Druidical priests flowed over them, leaving stains which the merciful sun and the pitying rains of ages have washed and bleached away. Who can imagine a greater contrast than that presented on the one hand by the scenes around this grim stone altar in those far-gone ages, and on the other by the scenes in the Council in St. Enoch’s Church ! There shrieks and groans and savage rites, and here a hundred voices of young men and maidens blending with organ notes in praise of the meek and lowly Jesus, and in the intervals grand expositions of Gospel truth, prayers, and thrilling tales of toil, sacrifice, and success in heathen and even in cannibal lands ! Nor is it impossible that some ancestor of some of these able and eloquent pleaders for Gospel truth, with his own

hand buried the knife in the bosom of many a human victim lying on the stone before me in this now bright, beautiful, flower-spangled field !

In the afternoon we attempted Cave Hill, to the north of the town, the name of the hill signifying the existence of eaves in its sides. Our enterprise, however, was not a distinguished success. One of our most serious troubles arose not from boycotting, but from bulldozing. The "tram-ear" deposited us a couple of miles from the "Imperial Hotel," at the foot of Cave Hill, up whose steep sides was a narrow path, with high hawthorned inclosures on each hand. But of this there was nothing to complain. The sun was bright and the day was hot, and we soon began to perspire and grow weary, and wish that Lord Dundreary or some other lord would construct a "lift" for our comfort. But remembering that the palace Beautiful is always at the top of the hill Difficulty, we took courage and pressed on. And now, to our dismay, filling up the path with a compact mass of hoofs, horns, and their concomitants, were four cows and a bull ! Our only weapon of offence and defence was an umbrella, not strong enough to shed a bovine storm. The cows with their meek looks did not cow us, but that bovine brother of theirs, as too obviously appeared in the shake of his head, was, as they say in "Arkansaw," "spilin' for a fight." But I was entirely unprepared for a bull-fight. To retreat was equally difficult, inglorious, and un-Calvinistic. Even Luther, who was no Calvinist, took even the Pope's own blessed bull by the horns. At first we thought to cross the very forbidding thorny stile, and thus yield to our horned competitors the right of way ; but lo ! staring us in the face was an exclamatory placard shouting "Dogs shot and trespassers arrested !" Well, between our inimitable

Skye and that gun at least three thousand miles of bil-lows rolled, and so the dog was safe. Looking for relief across the opposite stile, lo ! another vociferation : “ All persons found outside this lane arrested !” It struck the mind at once, that should the officer lay hands upon us, we should politely ask him why he began with us, for all Belfast was also outside that lane. But John Bull’s proverbial deliberation in penetrating a joke left us without much consolation. And here we were with one of John Bull’s four-footed subjects shaking his head at us, and we knew not at what moment he might precipitate himself upon us, and put an honorable member of the Pan-Council in a very humiliating plight ; and on each side of the stile John himself, with his coat off and in a bellicose attitude ! Never can an adherent of the Westminster Standards have been more thoroughly bulldozed, though we were far from being in a dozing mood. But the darkest hour is just before the day. In the nick of time the instincts of the American politician rose within, and we took to the fence, and by a judicious flank movement without actually “ trespassing ” evaded the horns of the bull and reached the open fields, beyond danger.

How sudden sometimes the ascent from the ridiculous to the sublime ! Scarcely had we emerged from conflict with the cattle when we came upon two young Irish lovers, sitting not “ on the stile,” but on the grass, in the shade of a hawthorn bush, hand in hand, and looking Cupid’s arrows into each other’s eyes, oblivious of all else but each other, and no doubt humming in their hearts

“ There’s nothing half so sweet in life
As love’s young dream.”

At length we reached an elevated, isolated spur on the hill, and sat down to enjoy the rewards of our persever-

ance. But the southern shoulder of the hill completely shut from view all of the town but a few smoke-stacks, a plenty of which we can see at home. There remained the landscape between the foot of the hill and the waters of Belfast Lough, and the surface of the Lough, all of which we are sure are very beautiful when visible. Had not the contest with the cattle and the weariness of the ascent wrought a shabby prosiness of spirit, we might have “dropped into poetry” as we looked into the hazy expanse, and sung

“ What visionary tints the year puts on
When jocund June is smiling through the air ;
How shimmer the low flats and pastures bare,
As with her nectar Hebe Summer fills
The bowl between me and those distant hills,
And smiles and shakes abroad her misty, tremulous hair.”

But just then came to mind the words of a fellow-traveller on the tram-car about “this nasty haze!” So sudden was the lapse from the sublime to the ridiculous.

LONDON AROUND CRAVEN STREET.

A CIRCULAR tablet eighteen inches or two feet in diameter, bearing the inscription, “Lived here, Benjamin Franklin, Printer, Philosopher, and Statesman : Born 1709, Died 1790,” ornaments the front of the house, No. 7 Craven Street, Charing Cross, which gives us bed and board in this great combination of Vanity Fair, Athens, and several other cities, ancient and modern. Within these walls the great Benjamin, a “right hand” of his

struggling country, pondered the intricate problems of his mission, and out of these doors he sallied to confront at the bar of the Parliament, three-fourths of whom wore the collar of George III., as slaves bought with his money, the smiles of a handful of friends, and the frowns and sneers of a houseful of enemies. If, after so long an interval, any of his exuberant wisdom still lingers in the crannies of this old domicile, we hope to absorb a portion of it. There is reason, however, to fear that it has not yet taken serious effect. For we get easily taken in by the "cabbies," and now and then we have been "sold" with a leaden two-shilling piece, and, in addition to all, we went on Sunday afternoon to "the Temple" church, Fleet Street, to hear Dr. Joseph Parker, who preaches in the "City Temple" church, Holburn Viaduct, and instead of a good, comfortable, Congregational service, we experienced a protracted High Church service.

Were the houses to the south of ours either out of the way or a few stories less in altitude, Lord Nelson in bronze would look in at our windows from his exalted position on the top of his granite pillar, one hundred and forty-five feet up in the air, Landseer's four huge lions crouching at the foot, their manes wet now and then by the spray of the plashing fountains. But sound unhampered by the limitations of sight reaches our windows, and through them our ears, over the housetops from various quarters, especially from the belfry of "St. Martins in the Fields"—St. Martins with its beautiful Grecian portico, in the "Fields," once green with grass, now gray with paving-stones; once waving with trees, now rigid with high brick walls and walls of stone; once vocal with the songs of birds, now with the babel of London street cries. Every fifteen minutes the clock in St. Martins tower fingers off the melodious announce-

ment that another quarter of an hour has joined the centuries in the past, and when four of these quarters are at an end, St. Martins flourishes off the fact with a somewhat ostentatious serenade. But as an indication of the impertinence of youth in the presence of age, or perhaps of the supremacy in all things of the "omnipotence of Parliament," no sooner has St. Martins touched his keys than the cloek in the "New Palace of Westminster" tower breaks in with its autoeratic boom, and the aged saint subsides into an humble accompaniment of his big, young cousin.

The Franklin House is modest in dimensions and republican in pretensions. It is three stories high, the front of the lowest story now plastered and painted cream color, the other stories of unconcealed English brick, not over-smooth, once yellow, now of mottled chimney-sweeper tinge.

Craven Street is not unlike the centre of a cyclone, very quiet in itself, but encompassed by rush and roar. At one end of its very brief career is the impetuous Strand ; not far from the other, the embankment and the Thames.

Close at hand as you go up the Strand you come upon

CHARING CROSS.

If, in these days of howling railway trains, rush of human myriads, struggle in the world-wide arena for a share of the great, invisible gold-pile, one carries with him any reasonable supply of sentiment, he will do well to keep it in a strong box, carefully wrapped in cotton, unless he is willing to risk a good deal of mutilation in his going to and fro. One walking for the first time in Jerusalem--Jerusalem festooned in his imagination with associations so tender, so hallowed, that he feels like

taking the shoes off his feet in their presence, only to find its filthy streets full of half-starved dogs and more than half-starved beggars and lepers, is likely to wish that he had been content to enjoy the Jerusalem of his imagination, and not expose that city of his dreams to so dreadful a mutilation. So when we go out of our temporary home in Craven Street, London, laden with memories of the beautiful, devoted, Queen Eleanor, of Castile, in quest of Charing Cross, and find ourselves put off with a bit of Gothic glory in marble, a modern reproduction of the original cross set up in the courtyard of a huge, brawling hotel and thundering railway-station, we are tempted to wish that we had been satisfied with our long-cherished fancies, and thus saved them from collision with these hard, iconoclastic realities.

The story of Queen Eleanor and of those many crosses erected in her memory by her loving husband is one among many bits of historic romance that still glow with a subdued beauty even in the smoke-cloud that ever hangs over that enormous hive of human beings.

Edward I., the husband of Queen Eleanor, for thirty-five years king of England, "the first English sovereign that combined political sagacity with military genius," was every inch a king. And this is saying a good deal, for he was the tallest man in England, his legs being of rather superfluous length, from which he received the not very euphonious title of Longshanks. He was skilled in all martial exercises, and could leap into the saddle without putting his hand on it. He was handsome, his complexion fair, and his features regular, excepting a family drooping of the eyelids. Ordinarily his demeanor was that of a deep river, steady in its flow, but on occasion he suddenly became a strong river impeded in its flow and raged with savage passion. His bride, Donna

Leonora, of Castile, might be called the Princess of Peace, for the war between Edward's father, Henry III., and her father, Alfonse, King of Castile, was sealed with the gift of this beautiful child, not yet fourteen years old, to Edward, who was but a little older. Through all their wedded life till her death at Grantham, in Lincolnshire, her influence over the rugged, passionate nature of the king was like rain upon the mown grass and as showers that water the earth. Many a time was the furious current of his passions diverted from a course of violence by her gentle, yet powerful, hand.

While sitting one day in Windsor Castle at a game of chess, a sudden impulse seized him to spring from his seat, and scarcely had he done so when a stone from the groined roof above his head fell with a crash upon the very spot where he had been sitting. Taking this as an intimation from Providence that he was reserved for some holy service, he determined to accompany the King of France in a crusade to the Holy Land, and on August 20th, 1270, he set out on his holy expedition. And what of his faithful Eleanor? She determined to accompany him, and no persuasion could induce her to desist. When warned of the perils of such a course she replied that nothing ought to part those whom God had joined together. "Heaven," she said, "is as near, if not nearer, from Syria as from England or Spain."

While the king was at Acre, in Syria, reclining one day on his couch, a man entered "with letters from Joppa," and as Edward was reading them the man drew a dagger and aimed a blow at his side. Edward caught the arm of the villain, but the latter succeeded in inflicting a wound on his forehead. The would-be assassin was slain, but the dagger had been poisoned, and now, again, the fidelity of the true woman appeared. Eleanor

ran to her husband, and kneeling by him sucked the wound to draw out the poison, and would only leave him to the surgeon by being dragged, struggling and sobbing, from the tent. Fifteen days after she gave birth to her eldest daughter, named Joan of Acre.

The year 1292 saw Edward on his way in his first expedition to the Scottish border and Eleanor on her way to join him. But at Grantham she fell sick. Word having reached the king of her illness, he set out from his camp and rode day and night to see her, but when he arrived she had breathed her last. Overwhelmed with grief, the king forgot for the time his military raid, and accompanied the beloved remains to Westminster Abbey. Slowly, solemnly, day after day, for thirteen days the funeral procession moved southward. Every evening the bier rested in the market-place of some town, and where it rested the king caused a costly, richly-carved marble market-cross to be erected, only two of which yet remain. The last evening before the interment, the bier rested just in the triangular space where Parliament Street runs into the south side of Trafalgar Square. On this spot rose the beautiful cross, a reproduction of which appears in front of the Charing Cross railway-station. The original cross, after many long years, was torn down by those terrible fellows, the Puritans, whose plain, black dress is the dress of the gentleman of to-day, and whose main principles are the principles of the Evangelical world. Those dreadful Puritans, together with Cromwell's horses, are, in the mind of the average verger and of average English church-people, responsible for half the mutilations of beautiful things in the realm. The spot is marked now by no other stone but the paving-stones, and it is an instance of the curious jumble of things in this dis-

ordered world that the spot where the remains of the gentle queen reposed that night was afterward dyed with the blood of the regicides executed there.

Just beyond Charing Cross, down toward the river, stands all that remains of the once magnificent York House, where Lord Bacon was born and where he died—namely, the beautiful “Watergate,” designed by Inigo Jones for “Steenie,” the favorite of James I. Over the threshold of that gate troops of gay feet have stepped for a merry evening in the moonlight upon the Thames, when the Thames was at once the Broadway, the plaza, the great thoroughfare and pleasure promenade of London. Now, a broad strip of park and “embankment” intervene between the Watergate and the water.

A little farther on is what is left of the sumptuous “Savoy Palace,” where John of Gaunt lived, and out of which Wat Tyler chased him ; where Chancer was married, and where the Savoy Conference was held between twelve bishops and twelve Nonconformist divines, Richard Baxter among them. All that now remains is a quiet little chapel housed in by commerce—the Thames on one side, the Strand on the other.

To find the London of the Romans, we are told that we must take our spade and dig fifteen feet through the present London stratum. This we declined to do ; but we went along the Strand to Strand Lane, a street about six feet wide, and down the winding declivities of Strand Lane till we came to a large rusty iron gate on the left, and then through it and down a flight of stairs—perhaps fifteen feet, and there we found a remarkable and genuine relic of the London of the Romans—in an arched room, a Roman bath-tub twelve feet long, surely long enough for the tallest of the Romans, six feet wide, and sparkling with crystal water from an overflowing

spring. If Julius Cæsar did not bathe in this tub, perhaps Constantine did, and if neither of them, it was certainly not because they did not sometimes need a bath.

In the other direction from us in Craven Street is

TRAFAVGAR SQUARE,

with its monuments and fountains and its rarely hushed thunder of “bus” and cab, cart and carriage. Beyond is

WHITEHALL.

“Kingdoms shrink to provinces,” and the great Whitehall Palace, the glory of Wolsey with his household of eight hundred persons; Whitehall, where Henry VIII. lived and died, where Cromwell and Milton (his great secretary) lived, and Cromwell died, and whence James II. scampered at the coming of William of Orange, and where William and Mary lived; vast Whitehall has shrunk to the dimensions of a single edifice—the Banqueting Hall. The reader of history cannot without profound interest look upon the scene of transactions varying from wildest midnight revelries to grimdest tragedy. One day a platform reaching to the windows of the second story stood above the pavement in front of that building; on the platform stood an executioner, axe in hand, beside a block; dense masses of people packed the street on either hand, and from that window a king stepped upon the platform, laid his head upon the block, and the axe was lifted in the air, descended, and the head of the king rolled upon the floor, at the news of which all the despots of Europe fell into a paroxysm of indignation and rage. Plebeian blood they could shed by pailfuls, but whatever might be the con-

duct of a king, to shed his blood was the crime of erimes. The Banqueting House is now a chapel.

It is not without significance that while all that was secular in both the great palaces—the Savoy on the one hand and Whitehall on the other—has disappeared, the saered portions of each remains. The sounds of gay, wild revelry with which those halls so often and so long resounded have died into everlasting silence, while Sabbath after Sabbath, and we believe many times during the week, the Holy Scriptures are read and the praises of Christ the Lord are sung. And when all the voices of sin in the wide world shall have been hushed, every plain and valley will echo with the song, “The kingdoms and dominions of this world are become the kingdom and dominion of our Lord and His Christ.”

LONDON FROM ALOFT.

FINDING ourselves in King William Street, near “The Monument,” its base just 202 feet distant from the spot where the great fire in 1666, which it commemorates, originated, and its top with its vase of gilded flame just 202 feet above the base, an ambitions impulse to rise in the world came over us, and we arose. Counting off eleven of the steps as we went up, and reflecting that after just 300 more we should be at the top, we took courage, and with “Excelsior” for our motto, and with many a puff and many a pause, we went forward, and in due time our feet stood on the dizzy platform so far up toward the stars. The atmosphere was exceptionally

free from haze and smoke ; that is to say, the visible area, rimmed in by an impenetrable horizon of bituminous vapor, was larger than usual, and reasonably large.

In early September, 1666, the scene below us was very different from that which now meets the eye. A spectator of that day wrote : “ All the sky was of a fiery aspect, like the top of a burning ocean, and the light seen for above forty miles roundabout for many nights ; above ten thousand houses all in one flame—the thunder of the flame, shrieking of women and children, hurry of people, fall of houses, towers and churches, the smoke reaching fifty miles.” The flames left in ashes a space two miles long, one mile wide, more than thirteen thousand dwellings and eighty-nine churches. A poor Frenchman confessed to having kindled the great fire, and was hung for it. It was then ascertained that he was crazy, and had not reached England till after the great disaster.

The fire broke out in Pudding Lane, and was arrested at Pie Corner. We suppose it must have consumed on its way Roast Beef Alley, Sansage Square, and Mutton Chop Avenue. The wits of London said that the fire was sent upon the city as a judgment for gluttony.

The top of the monument is well caged in with iron bars, made necessary by the crazy fancy of people to commit suicide by leaping from it. A sixpence drew from the keeper at the top an eloquent exposition of the scene below. Many an object, however, spoke for itself ; for example,

THE RIVER THAMES.

It winds along under our eye, on its way past Chelsea, where Carlyle in bronze, from his bronze chair, with his grim bronze scowl, is ever saying, “ London, four mill-

ions of people, mostly fools!" on to and past Limehouse Reach and the Isle of Dogs, in its course looking in the face every point of the compass. Not only is this noted river many-bridged, but very much abridged. We can hardly conceive of it, as in other days it wandered at its own sweet capricious will, filling a depression all around the present site of Westminster Abbey, making that site an island, "Thorny Island," accessible only by boat; washing also the walls of Lambeth Palace, and furnishing the waters beneath it that received the bodies of victims dropped by ecclesiastical oppression and murder through that hole in the floor of the prison in the Lollard's Tower, making the Strand in reality a strand. The Thames has been called the Mother of London. It was the Thames, at this point the head of heavy navigation, that determined the site of London, and the Thames has fattened London with the traffic of the world. For long it was the one thoroughfare of the city, and the Thames watermen were the "'bus" men, the cab-men, the hack-men of the city, and when the spirit of innovation, to which the world owes so much of its weal and so much of its ill, invented the hackney coach, the watermen almost rose in armed rebellion at the outrage.

To-day the Thames, wharfed and docked and walled in with massive "embankments," is one of the great gateways of the world. There lie at anchor discharging cargoes, vessels whose keels have cut the waters of all the oceans accessible to the commerce of the planet. There fly the flags of all nations, and there ply vessels of every size and character. There go those river "'buses," that for twopence or threepence will land you in a very short time at any of a dozen spots between Putney and the Thames Tunnel.

There, too, was London Bridge, alive from end to end

with creeping things. At our distance from and above them, those creeping things might be mice in multitudinous migration, or mice following to their doom some pied piper of London, or following to his doom some heartless Archbishop Hatto in his tower on the Thames.

Beneath us, too, lay savory Billingsgate of sealy reputation. On this spot fishes—not the same ones all this time—have been boughnt and sold for over five hundred years, so that Billingsgate eels have had ample time to get used to being skinned. One considerable advantage in inspecting this piseatory mart from the top of the monument is the fact that you can do so without offence to ears or nostrils, not to mention the additional advantage that you are beyond the reach of lady fingers, which, fresh from dissecting their sealy victims, are sometimes apt to leave unpleasant marks upon one's broadcloth. A London minister, one of the Bickersteths, on his way to a meeting of his brethren, was driven by one of London's familiar downpourings into Billingsgate for temporary shelter. Having endured the outrages upon his ears from the tongues of the fishwomen as long as endurance seemed to be virtuous, he said to one of the grossest of the offenders, "Remember, I will witness against you at the judgment." "Of course you will," was the prompt reply; "the greatest scoundrels always turn State's evidence." When this was related at the meeting, the question was asked "How did you answer the woman?" The reply was "How could I?"

And there, too, not far away, stands

THE TOWER.

Our youthful country, where nothing is old but the earth and the sky, sometimes heaves a sentimental sigh

at her lack of castles and towers, hoary with centuries and hiding memories of wild romance or fierce tragedy in every chink and cranny of their time-shaken walls, toppling battlements, and moss-grown arches. Better, however, such sighs than those that reach our ears from whole troops of despairing souls, as, thrust into those jaws of doom, they pine away in dreary waiting, or die by inches in their solitude, or by hired assassins, as Clarence and the young princees, or come forth to that bloody block on Tower Hill ! Our country misses the halo of romance, but it misses also ages of cruelty and crime. What a procession of pale forms I see, gliding in under the grim portcullis of that Traitor's Gate, among them poor Anne Boleyn, hurried hither from the midst of a tournament, and Lady Jane Grey, Raleigh, and Essex ! In that old prison Anne Askew was broken on the rack before she was burned at Smithfield. And what weary languishing the angels have pitied within the walls of that Beauchamp Tower ! Within that Central Keep, kings, queens, and princes have been put to death, and out of those gates to Tower Hill dukes and earls and nobles of every grade have been dragged to be slain.

But not all the scenes witnessed by the stones in those old walls have been of gloomy hue. It has been a palace as well as a dungeon. Kings have lived there, ladies have danced there, and courtiers have there oft “ crooked the pregnant hinges of the knee.” If Elizabeth was forced in anguish through the awful Traitor’s Gate, stamping her passionate foot, and exclaiming, “ I am no traitor ! ” issuing thence for the grand coronation pageant, she lifted her voice in a loud thanksgiving to God for His protection during the days of her peril, and for bringing her to that happy hour. From the Tower for a long historic period, the coronation proces-

sions of the kings set out for Westminster Abbey, where, sitting in that memorable coronation chair, the golden, richly-gemmed symbol of dominion was set upon the head.

In the middle of the Tower court we saw a gravelled spot, where they say the grass has refused to grow ever since the ground was wet with the blood that flowed down through the chinks in the scaffold at the execution there of Anne Boleyn, the aged Countess of Salisbury, Queen Catherine Howard, and the pure and godly Lady Jane Grey.

“ GOD MOVES IN A MYSTERIOUS WAY.”

From our pinnacle at the top of the monument we look down also upon the Custom House Wharf. Afterward we made our way to the spot and recalled the strange scene of so many years ago. One afternoon a pale, nervous man emerged from one of the narrow lanes upon the wharf. He looked anxiously around, but seeing a porter seated upon some goods, and now looking at him, he hesitated, turned away, and disappeared. That man, acting so strangely, was the poet Cowper, who passed so much of his life, as Macaulay writes, “ musing and rhyming among the water-lilies of the Ouse.” The sensitive, suffering poet was at this time laboring under a depression of spirit that amounted to temporary mental aberration. He had come down to the wharf to drown himself, but seeing the porter there, he turned away. He himself tells the strange story : “ Not knowing where to poison myself, I resolved upon drowning. For that purpose I took a coach and ordered the man to drive to Tower Wharf, intending to throw myself into the river from the Custom House Quay. I left the coach upon the Tower Wharf, intending never to return to it ; ”

but, upon coming to the quay I found the water low, and a porter seated upon some goods there as if on purpose to prevent me. This passage to the bottomless pit being mercifully shut against me, I turned back to the coach."

When he came to himself he took his musical pen and wrote :

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform ;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm," etc.

Yonder, straight out from the river, up Grace Church Street, northward, we see

CROSBY HALL.

Only once during our sojourn in the dominions of the Guelph Queen did we dine in a palace, and this not by invitation from her most gracious Majesty. Indeed, it was at our own invitation, and at our own expense. It was in Crosby Hall, which stands on the right of Bishopsgate Street just as you pass into it from Threadneedle Street. The dinner was spread in the Great Hall, beneath the splendid oaken roof with its profusion of finely carved arches, braces, shafts, and pendants, which had looked down upon the White Rose of York just as it was about to be blended with the Red Rose of Lancaster, and which had echoed with the voices of lords and ladies, princes and princesses in gayest festivity, and also with the voices of councils planning and plotting for a crown. Our fellow guests were very numerous. A dozen or more tables were filled with them ; and servants ran to and fro, prompt to answer every call. The hall is more than fifty feet long and nearly thirty wide. Near it is the "Council Chamber," and over it the Throne Room. The exterior of the building with its lath and plaster

front is said to be the most beautiful specimen of the domestic architecture of the times in which it was built now remaining in London. It is now a restaurant.

This house was built a little over four hundred years ago by Sir John Crosby, Grocer and Woolman. In 1476 it was bought by Richard, Duke of Gloucester, and here he dwelt while he was Protector of England, and while "Edward V., by the grace of God, King of England and France and Lord of Ireland, ruled by the advice of our most entirely beloved uncle, the Duke of Gloucester, Protector and Defender of this our realm of England during our young age."

The beauties of the hall must have been in no small degree enhanced in the way of contrast by the presence of the duke, so soon to become Richard III., if Shakespeare has fairly reported his own description of his personal graces :

"I that am rudely stamped and want love's majesty,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deformed, unfinished, sent before my time
Into this breathing world scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable
That dogs bark at me as I halt by them."

To the freshly widowed Anne he said :

"Please thee leave these sad designs
And presently repair to Crosby Place."

And to the executioners of Clarence :

"When you have done, repair to Crosby Place,
But, sirs, be sudden in the execution."

It was from this Place that he went to the Council in the Tower on that memorable June Friday, where he froze the blood of the company by showing his shrivelled arm as the work of witchcraft, then smote the table call-

ing in his soldiers who bore Hastings off to instant execution. It was in Crosby Place also that he planned the butchery of the princes in the Tower. Crosby Hall was for a time the residence of Sir Thomas More, in many respects one of the most estimable of men, an elegant writer, and yet, in his reply to Luther, he threw out “the greatest heap of nasty language that perhaps was ever put together, and acquired the reputation of having the best knack of any man in Europe at calling bad names in good Latin.” In his “Utopia” he advocated toleration, while, however, he was not free from the then universal vice of persecution. Here the Great Duke of Sully, ambassador of Henry IV., of France, was entertained, and in this very hall he was actor in a memorable scene. Having information that one of his attendants had murdered an English merchant, he called all of them together, ranged them against the wall, and then with a lighted flambeau walked up to each in turn, and scrutinized their faces. The trembling and livid paleness of the Sieur de Combault showed him to be the sinner, whom he ordered to instant execution, and nothing but the earnest intercession of the mayor saved the life of the culprit.

During the four hundred years of its history this Crosby Place has passed through a world of vicissitudes. It has been an auction-room, a literary institution, and a wine-store. For a considerable time, however, it was redeemed from its secularities by becoming a place for Presbyterian worship. Some touches of romance could hardly fail to mingle with the scenes of an edifice so notable during the passage of more than twelve generations. Sir John Spence, who bought the Place in 1594, had a beautiful daughter Elizabeth, then the greatest heiress in England. Her beauty, not to say

her wealth, arrested the attention and engaged the affection of the young Earl of Northampton. The earl became so passionately fond of the beautiful heiress that he loved the very ground she stood on and the very house she occupied. Sir John disapproved of him, but Elizabeth did not. One day Sir John saw a baker boy at the foot of the staircase with his barrow and gave him a sixpence, only afterward to discover that the baker boy was the earl in disguise and that the supply of bread in the barrow was the beautiful Elizabeth. When he found how he had been taken in, he said, with the rough emphasis of those times, that that sixpence was the last the couple would ever get from him. But one day, a year or so after, Queen Elizabeth asked Sir John to come and be “gossip” to a new-born baby in which she took a deep interest, and lo, the baby was the child of his daughter! The little thing proved too much for Sir John’s wrath, and the earl, after all, got both the bride and the cash.

A letter from the young wife to her husband shows that she knew, as is sometimes the case with women, what a fortune was good for. She writes, “My Sweet Life: I pray you to grant me £2600 to be quarterly paid; £600 for charitable works; three horses and two gentlemen, and two coaches with fine horses, one lined with velvet, and four very fine horses and a coach for my women, lined with cloth and laced with gold; and twenty gowns of apparel, six of them excellent good ones, and £6000 to buy me jewels and £4000 to buy me a pearl chain,” and so on. So she proved in more senses than one to be a very *dear* wife.

GREAT ST. HELEN’S.

Almost under the shadow of Crosby Hall, in a secluded nook, as quiet as if a wilderness lay around it, instead of

those encircling tide-eurrents of noisy life, is the small church of Great St. Helen's. Going out of Crosby Hall we essayed to enter the little churchyard that incloses it on its western and southern sides, but the gate was locked. Finding an opening in the fence, we crawled through into the churchyard, and threading our way among the tombs approached the west door, over which was an inscription which reads : " This is none other than the house of God." From that we went round to the other on the south side, " the handsome Jacobean door," hoping for an opening wide enough at least to admit a person anything but portly, but neither was there here a creviece large enough for the entrance of anything of broader dimensions than those of a ghost. At length, on inquiry, a gentleman informed us where the portress dwelt, and in due time we unearthed her in one of the narrowest of lanes, and then we two marched in procession to the Jacobean door. The good woman was very communicative, and from the positiveness of her information she seemed to have been present at all the events, funereal and other, that had broken the silence in those hallowed precincts for the last six hundred and fifty years. One among the many excellent virtues of these guides, male and female, is that there are no ifs or per-adventures in their statements. They tell you right up and down that this is so, and all you have to do is to accept their statements, and you are at once relieved from doubt and saved from all trouble of further inquiry. For example, our guide took us down the steps into that part of the church called the Chapel of the Virgin, and showed us the very altar-table, a large table of dark marble, where Richard III., after he had smothered the princes in the Tower, on his knees, with tears of contrition confessed his guilt in that atrocity and

received absolution, to go thence refreshed and ready for any other piece of villainy that promised reasonable compensation.

Among the tombs we looked at with peculiar interest was that of the builder of Crosby Hall. Upon a finely carved and pillared tomb, some three feet high, lie the figures of Sir John Crosby and his wife Anneys ; the lady wearing a head-dress that shows what astonishing freaks woman sometimes performs with her “dome of thought and palace of the soul,” and Sir John wrapped in his alderman’s mantle over plate armor and a collar of the suns and roses of York. Another tomb attracting attention is that of Sir John Spencer, of Crosby Hall memory. On an alabaster support and under a double canopy lie the figures of Sir John and Alicia his wife, and the figure of their beautiful daughter kneeling at their feet. The tomb was erected by the Earl of Northampton, the son-in-law of Sir John. Among the many curiosities of this old church is the huge tomb of Francis Bancroft, who, though he was so unpopular as a city magistrate that at his death the people made the city bells ring out exultant peals, and at his funeral the mob tried to tumble his coffin off the hearse, left a large estate to keep his tomb in repair forever. He also gave orders that for a hundred years a loaf of bread and a bottle of wine should be placed in his grave on every anniversary of his death, being fully persuaded that before the century should expire he would come to life, and, of course, having fasted so long would require some refreshments when he waked. The tomb is the property of the Draper’s Company, and each new master of the company, on his appointment, is expected to pay a visit to the occupant, and arrangement is made for this ceremony in the construction of the tomb. A door admits the

visitor, and the coffin-lid turns back, disclosing to the eye what remains there of Francis Bancroft. It is evident that this gentleman had very lofty ideas as to the space filled in the world by his majestic self.

A family of Black Nuns long ago occupied a priory connected with the church, and in the walls between the two edifices is a stone grating, between the bars of which the nuns might peep, or perhaps the sounds of the services in the church might reach their ears. That they were very demure and devout, as nuns always are, seems to be intimated by the injunction of the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's as follows : “ We enjoin you that all daunsyng and revelling be utterly forborne among you except at Christmasse and all other honest tymes of recreacyone among yourselfe usyd in absence of seculars in alle wyse.”

The visitor may spend hours among the curious old tombs and monuments of this “ Westminster Abbey for the City,” as Mr. Hare styles this old church.

To the north and west of Crosby Hall we find Bunhill Fields, the Campe Santo of the Dissenters, where, on his back in marble, reposes the form of the in more senses than one immortal author of the “ Pilgrim’s Progress,” and not very far thence Smithfield, smoky enough now, but in other days, especially in the days of Mary the Bloody, ablaze with hundreds of martyr fires.

Nearer by to the westward, and not very far off, shoudering up the mass of smoke that for two hundred years has been at work to do its surface into ebony, and not altogether without success, is the great dome of St. Paul’s—St. Paul’s grandly impressive without, but drearily barn-like within. Beneath that dome Sir Christopher Wren being dead yet speaketh to the passer-by :

“ *Si monumentum requiris circumspice.*”

And away beyond St. Paul's, the British Museum, where we had seen the Book of Prayers written with exquisite neatness by Elizabeth's own hand when she was yet but a princess, with greater likelihood of losing her head than of ever feeling a crown upon it ; we saw also one of the four extant autographs of one William Shakespear, appended to a mortgage of a house in Blackfriars, for which autograph \$1500 were paid ; and the original Bull of the Pope accepting England as a gift from King John, with the leaden bulla attached, upon one side of which are the faces—not photographs—of Peter and Paul, and on the document the names of several cardinals, each name preceded by a cross and followed by a private mark, which looks very much like a centipede rampant ; also the original paper, or rather parchment, presented to King John by the knights at Runnymede with their demands ; and last, but not least, the original copy of the Magna Charta, carefully framed, but sadly defaced by the fire in the Royal Library at Westminster in 1731. Far off yonder, west of Buckingham Palace, is

HOLLAND HOUSE.

One of those inalienable rights which the American prizes so highly is that of the pursuit of happiness. This right he carries abroad with him, and as a tourist it is no small part of his happiness to see things *ad libitum*. Having read so much about Holland House, we determined to see it, and we did. This celebrated mansion sits in majesty on a spot about two miles beyond Buckingham Palace. Externally, it is anything but a gem of architecture, being built of red brick and stone ; but, as Sir Walter Scott writes, it resembles many respectable matrons who, having been absolutely ugly during youth, acquire by age an air of dignity. It was built in 1607

for Sir Walter Cope, whose daughter married Henry Rich, created by James I. Earl of Holland. In 1759 it came into possession of Henry Fox, Baron Holland, and father of Charles James Fox. Encompassing the House are those celebrated gardens ; a raised terrace, flower garden, arches festooned with creepers, a miniature Dutch garden, neat arbors, the Green Lane—once the home of hares and pheasants. It was in these gardens that the first dahlias grew that ever showed their bright faces in England, raised from seed brought by Lady Holland from Spain, and named after Dr. Andrew Dahl, a Swedish botanist. Nor are those grounds wanting in reminiscences of tragedy and romance. There, some colonel killed some lord in a duel, and there the beautiful Lady Diana Rich, daughter of the Earl of Holland, walking one day about eleven o'clock, being in perfect health, saw herself, every article of her attire complete as in a looking-glass, and not long after died !

Even in imperial London no other house ever acquired a fame so extended and glowing, nor was one ever graced by the presence of so many celebrities in literature, diplomacy, statesmanship, art, science, and in princely wealth. In this house William Penn lived for a time, and here Sydney Smith had apartments. Among other guests welcomed and feasted here were such men as Sheridan, Byron, Brougham, Lyndhurst, Sir Humphry Davy, Count Rumford, Washington Irving, Talleyrand, Tom Moore, Madame de Staël, and Macaulay. Here Addison died, saying with almost his last breath to the young, wild, godless Earl of Warwick, "I have sent for you that you may see how a Christian can die." Those red brick walls inclose vast treasures of literature and art ; portraits of celebrated men and women, of Addison, Franklin, John Locke, Charles James Fox ;

pictures by Hogarth, by Watts, and by Sir Joshua Reynolds. One of the rooms, too, is haunted. There at certain times appears the ghost of the first Earl of Holland carrying his head in his hand. This is certainly a more convenient method of carrying about such an object than that adopted by the Irishman who carried his head in his mouth.

Now, why an Ameriean should not walk through those grounds and stroll through those halls, we could not imagine. So, taking a cab, we drove through the thronged streets, and finding the gate open drove in, but not far before the hand of the liveried gate-keeper was at our horse's head and we were brought to a dead halt. What did this mean, we asked, and we did not have to wait long for a reply. The officer informed us that no one was permitted to enter there without a permit from her ladyship. A more thoroughly astonished man than this man at this specimen of American impudence we never saw. I suspect he has hardly yet fully recovered from his indignant amazement. And this was all we saw of Holland House!

But what can the nib of a pen do with such a theme as London? London, in her veins the blood and on her sandals and garments the dust of fifty generations; London, that has throbbed with the life of men and women that for number, intellectual endowment, achievement in every sphere of human action and of moral worth, unequalled elsewhere in history thus far; London, that to-day houses more human life than Denmark, than Switzerland, almost more than Scotland!

A STRIKING CONTRAST IN LONDON.

ONE afternoon we were in the House of Lords, which was all aglow with the glory of carving, gilding, and fresco ; pictures of the baptism of Ethelbert, King of Kent ; of Edward III. conferring the Garter on the Black Prince ; of the death of Nelson ; a fine statue of the Queen ; stained-glass windows filled with portraits of kings and queens ; sumptuous with soft scarlet cushions, and august with the presence of the Prince of Wales, the heir to the throne, and of more than four hundred of England's aristocracy ; the narrow gallery on each side lined with the wives and daughters of the noble peers. At one end of the hall stood (they are not allowed to *sit*) a considerable number of members of the House of Commons. The excitement over the Franchise bill is high, and hourly rising. Lord Wemys introduced his compromise measure, and urged it with warmth and force. He was followed by the Earl of Shaftesbury in a speech which showed profound anxiety as to the consequences to be apprehended from the position taken by the Lords. Others followed, and Lord Salisbury sealed the fate of the proposal of Lord Wemys, and the division showed a heavy majority against it.

The evening finds us in a poorly furnished, bare-benched, not pleasantly perfumed hall in Oxford Street, near Regent Street. The assembly consists of working-men of a very humble class with their families ; young men, young women, a considerable number of children. We are at one of the quarters, if not the headquarters, of the Salvation Army. On a platform are nearly a hundred people, some of the men in red flannel shirts,

several of the women with tambourines—capable, as we found, of making themselves heard with ear-piercing emphasis. The leader, a subordinate of General Booth, is calling for “testimony.” One rises and says, “In my Father’s house are many mansions,” and sits down. “Hallelujah!” exclaims the leader, and the tambourines jingle and the company breaks out in thundering song: “I’m but a stranger here; heaven is my home.” “Now, brother, sister, go on.” Another rises and says, “We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren.” “Hallelujah!” exclaims the leader, as he swings his long arms and sways his body to and fro, and the tambourines jingle, and the company breaks out into song, emphasizing the sentiment. This went on for the best part of an hour.

Nothing is easier than to draw a picture of this scene to the utter discredit of the whole movement. A taste less than fastidious and a temper quite this side of querulous might easily take offence at what would seem the coarse familiarity of thought with sacred things, of tongue with saered names and phrases; irreverence in prayer; homely, passionate energy of exhortation, and boisterousness of exultation at the announcement of a fresh conversion.

But, in the first place, no unprejudiced mind could fail to recognize a hearty, Christian, joyous sincerity in all. The singing, the Scriptnres quoted, Scriptures in almost every instance the evangelical marrow of the Holy Word, the exclamations, were all the evident expressions of genuine gladness of heart, a gladness all the richer for being a rarity in their experiences. They were the outbursts of feeling from minds and hearts held down for the most part by the drudgeries of life, now set free for a time from those drndgeries, and enjoying glimpses

of the inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that faileth not away.

Then it must be borne in mind that the class of people reached by the Salvationists is reached, and we had almost said reachable, by no other Christian agency. Between this class and the Church of England there is a gulf that is impassable. Those hard-working, ill-clad, and many of them ill-fed men and women, boys and girls, cannot be brought to sit through seventy minutes of intoned reading of Scriptures and prayers and sermons entirely beyond their comprehension. Nor do the ministrations of Dr. Taylor, or Mr. Spurgeon, or Newman Hall, meet them on the level of their life and wants. The bodily weariness and mental and spiritual lethargy of many of these people can be overcome only by excitement, and this excitement they find to the full in General Booth's meetings.

It is further to be borne in mind, that in the absence of the excitement furnished in *these* meetings through singing, singing hymns for the most part thoroughly Christian in sentiment ; through exhortation, exhortation, so far as we heard it, and we heard it repeatedly, as sound in doctrinal tone as the Shorter Catechism ; exhortations well balanced in matter between the mercy of God in Christ on the one hand and the “wrath to come” on the other, the latter by no means unemphasized—in the absence of excitement through these means, excitement is sure to be sought in the gin-palace and in other places of disreputable carousal. As we left one of these meetings, we passed close at hand a glittering drinking-saloon, filled with men and women, young and old, under effective tuition for strifes and brawls in dismal homes, for crime and prison, or for destitution and the alms-house. Before placing these Salvation Army doings

under the ban, and giving them over to reprobation, let those who wish well to the poor, the miserable, and the sinful, consider well the alternative. In multitudes of cases, that alternative is the excitement of the Salvation Army headquarters, or the excitements of the gin-palaces and other places as bad.

Paul in a Roman prison wrote, “ Some preach Christ, even of envy and strife ; of contention, not sincerely; supposing to add affliction to my bonds.”

What then ? “ Christ is preached, and I therein do rejoice, yea, and will rejoice.” And these Salvationists preach a crucified Christ, not in a way to suit a refined taste. What then ? Christ is preached honestly and fervently, and why should not all lovers of perishing men rejoice ?

The truth is that forty years ago I saw in Methodist meetings, in the heart of the city of New York, scenes just as far removed from what refined taste could approve as anything we saw among this people. Certain of the early followers of George Fox far outdid, in trampling upon the proprieties, anything ascribed to the followers of General Booth. Indeed, it would be by no means surprising if it should appear that the Salvationists are beginning again the very work that the followers of Wesley have now got beyond, and that in the course of a generation this people will have taken a place among the acknowledged and respected powers of the Christian world.

The contrast between the scene in the House of Lords in the afternoon and that in the quarters in the evening was very great, and yet during the evening a “ converted infidel ” was called up to tell his experience, and he did it in a style of thought and diction equal to anything we heard in the House of Lords. The man

seemed to be about thirty-five years old. He spoke of hearing Bradlaugh say, "This world is simply an anvil on which the devil hammers his tools into shape," and of being shocked with the thought that man, with his capacities, yearnings, and susceptibilities, should, after all, be but the creature of a day. "Why, then," I said to myself, "should not I, without regard to anything but myself, without regard to law or conscience, right or wrong, make the most of the passing hour? Why nurture yearnings for a loftier life, when my being may be extinguished to-morrow? Why allow my affections to put forth their tendrils upon objects which to-morrow will be torn from them forever, and those affections forever neutralized?" After much in this strain he told how he had been drawn to the Lamb of God, and how in Christ and His Gospel, with its morality, its rules of life, its hopes, his whole nature found its counterpart. No theme touched in the House of Lords approached this theme in true dignity, worth, and sublimity, and no words spoken in the House of Lords that afternoon were superior in eloquence and pathos, in appropriateness of diction, or in style of delivery, to those of this London workingman in this humble hall of these Salvationists.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

FROM riding on the top of an omnibus through and out of the maelstrom of human and other life that surges and crashes and roars and rattles and shouts in that triangular space faced by the Bank, the Mansion House,

and the Royal Exchange, and into which Cheapside and Cornhill, King William and Princes streets, Threadneedle, Lombard, and other streets perpetually disgorge their crush of crowds, and entanglement of 'bus, carriage, cab, cart, and other London vehicles, human voices adding to the din, sometimes in threatening caveat, sometimes in harsh profanity, and sometimes in the annihilating sarcasm of the lordly " 'busman" to the plebeian driver of an impeding cab or cart : " Now, then ! Ven did *you* come in from the kentry !"—from and out of all this through Cannon Street, Ludgate Hill, Fleet Street, and Strand, we went to Westminister Abbey, and at once seemed to have passed to a scene hundreds of miles from all the bustle and strife of man. It is very strange, this isle of rest and silence in the very heart of that great world of noise and action. On one side the Thames, with its restless tide of river craft ; on the other the earth-shaking roll of vehicles thundering to and from Hyde Park ; not far away Trafalgar Square and Charing Cross ; and near at hand the " Hear ! hear !" of " Honorable Gentlemen" and " Noble Lords" as they applaud a favorite orator—all these billows and breakers of noisy commotion dying into silence around the walls of this massive, venerable minster !

The impression produced upon the mind by the grand exterior of this superb edifice, with its buttresses, indented with statued recesses ; its pinnacles and flying buttresses ; its walls blackened with the soot of ages, and gnawed into partial dilapidation by the tooth of Time, is at first entrance rather rudely disturbed by the suspicion that you have lost your way, and come into, if not a sculptor's studio, at least into a sculpture exhibition hall. The sculpture is much of it no doubt very

fine, much of it very grand ; but then you do not come to this miracle of Gothic glory to see statuary ; and beneath that far-off ceiling and the countless branches into which the pillars of this stone forest divide themselves, to spread in curves so graceful and unite so naturally in knots and groins, you feel that the Moses of Michael Angelo were almost an impertinence. If, however, man is God's greatest terrestrial work, and if great men are among God's best gifts to mankind, there would seem to be an obvious fitness in the custom that gives the bones of the great and good a final resting-place within the walls of temples dedicated to His worship.

And whether or not it be true that Republics are ungrateful, it is certain that England has been anything but niggardly in outlay of talent and wealth to perpetuate the names and fame of her worthies. At every turn you encounter the forms and features of men whose voices have rung in the trumpet tones of high debate, or whose words have flashed on the field of battle, or on the deck of the blazing ship of war ; or whose pens have told the story of science or written the deathless poem, or whose genius has made the canvas speak and the marble live ; or whose acts have told upon the industries of life ; or whose books and sermons have fitted men to live well and die in hope. Here you see the statue of George Peabody, there of Rowland Hill ; here of Tyndale, there of Wilberforce ; and so on almost without end. Nor can all this be without healthful moral effect. The young Roman strolling among the marble Cincinnati, Fabii, Scipios, and the rest in the Forum, would be very likely to question with himself what modes of life and conduct would secure for him like honorable recognition. And the member of the House of Commons, on his way, day by day, to his seat, passing through St.

Stephen's Hall and seeing the forms of Chatham and Pitt, Burke, Fox, and Grattan, and the rest, must feel that that Legislature is no place for pygmies. And thus to give place to the ashes and the marble and bronze memorials of the great in the precincts of abbey and cathedral, hallowed by ceremonial consecration, and by centuries of religious worship, is at once to take the best security for the permanence of those memorials, to offer the highest public reward for faithful service, and to hold out a most effective stimulus to lofty and laudable ambition.

It may argue sad lack of artistic taste or of appreciation of essential features of ecclesiastical architecture, but we cannot help wishing that some good angel would fly away with that admirable screen that crosses the nave midway of its length, thus arresting the gaze and sadly crippling the effect of the vast sweep of lofty arch and long vista of massive and towering columns. Even as it is, we understand the feeling of the child creeping along down this nave by his father's side, as he exclaimed : “ Father, how little I am ! ”

THE WAXEN EFFIGIES.

Among the curious nooks discovered by comparatively few tourists is a little chamber above the Islip Chapel, to which ascent is gained by a very narrow, winding stairway. A line to the Dean of Westminster brought a courteous order which gained us prompt admission. There we saw the oak box in which the remains of Major André were brought to England. (By the way, the marble figure of André in the south aisle has had a hard time of it. The head has been twice knocked off and stolen.) But the most curious objects in the chamber are certain wax effigies. In the olden time it was cus-

tomary to carry the embalmed bodies of distinguished persons in funeral procession with their faces uncovered. Afterward wax-work effigies of the deceased, dressed in the costume of the day, were substituted in the processions for the original, and some of these are preserved in this room. There in a glass-case stands Lord Nelson, in the very suit (the coat excepted) that he wore when alive. Physically he was but a handful of a man. On the other hand William III., the consumptive, surprised us with his full, Dutch figure, though Mary his wife was the larger of the two. Queen Anne is of very full proportions. Charles II. blazes in red velvet ; and Queen Elizabeth, with a crown upon her head, struts in profuse ruff, richly jewelled stomacher, velvet robe embroidered with gold, and pointed, high-heeled shoes. On the whole, we should prefer to have seen the originals alive. As their bodies have turned long since to dust, so the persistent, penetrating dust is doing its best to make these images look like pillars of dust.

QUEEN ANNE OF BOHEMIA.

At the Belfast Council the martyr Church of Bohemia was a conspicuous object of attention. The noble triumvirate of Bohemian pastors — Szalatnay, Caspar, and Dusek—urged the claims of their church upon the sympathies of the Presbyterian world. At a meeting in their behalf we saw the great, savage sword with which, on June 21st, 1621, the heads of twenty-seven martyrs were severed from their bodies in front of the Tienkirche in the city of Prague ; and also a silver communion-cup which, having been buried in 1435 at Kolin, twenty miles from Prague, was exhumed in 1861.

With such memories fresh in mind, one must be pardoned if, while tarrying in the chapel of Edward the

Confessor, and glancing at the memorials of the rest of the six kings, five queens, two princesses, a duke, and a bishop, that there invite his eye, he linger longer at the grave of Queen Anne of Bohemia. At the battle of Cressy in 1346, blind King John of Bohemia, with his crest of three ostrich feathers and his motto "*Ich Dien*" (I serve), went down under the sword of the Black Prince, who assumed as his own and transmitted to his successors (the Princes of Wales) the crest and motto of the fallen king. Among those who fought, but did not fall, in that battle was the son of Blind John. And Anne of Bohemia, the daughter of that son, became the wife of Richard II. of England, the son of the Black Prince who slew Blind John the grandfather. Queen Anne was a devout Christian woman, and brought with her to England her Bible in her own native tongue. She was the friend of Wycliffe, and Wycliffe made Queen Anne's Bible, in the vernacular of her native country, an argument in favor of giving to the English people the Word of God in *their* native tongue. There must have been in the person and character of Queen Anne elements of excellence not often surpassed; for so intense was her husband's affection for her, and so extravagant his grief at her death, that he caused the palace at Sheen (where she died) to be destroyed! The funeral was celebrated at enormous cost. The king at once had effigies of himself and his lamented queen made of brass, and placed side by side, their right hands clasped together. On the canopy above may be dimly seen the arms of Queen Anne, the two-headed eagle of the empire, and the lion rampant of Bohemia.

Although in that memorable chapel we see the tomb of the confessor, who founded the abbey, and the tomb of Henry III., who reconstructed it, and that celebrated

coronation chair with the Stone of Seone beneath the seat, and in which not only all the monarchs of England for six hundred years have been crowned, but in which also Cromwell was installed as Protector, we must be excused if our heart warms more at the thought of that faithful Christian woman than at the thought of any other object in, or occupant of, that magnificent mausoleum.

THE JERUSALEM CHAMBER.

In the wall on the south side of the abbey, not very far east of the western end, a narrow recess shows an old oaken door. Few, perhaps, notice it as they pass, and fewer still question its office. It opens into a passage that leads into the "Jericho Chamber." This chamber is a quite small room with a table in the centre, and on the table a blank-book in which certain names are registered. The room and its furniture indicate the merely incidental and ancillary. To our question, "Why is this room called by the name Jericho?" the answer was, "I do not know, except that it is nigh unto Jerusalem."

From Jericho we stepped into Jernusalem—the celebrated Jernusalem Chamber—so-called, it is said, from tapestries or pictures in it representing scenes in Jernusalem. It is projected lengthwise from the south side of the great parent abbey. It is a simple, rectangular room. It is wainscoted with cedar, and all the wood-work in the room is of cedar from the Holy Land. A long, broad table now occupies the middle of the room. One of the frescoes shows King Henry IV., who breathed his last within these walls in the year 1413. Worn-out and wretched with disease, and by no means easy in conscience, he was anxious, according to the dismal theology of the times, to atone for his sins by a crusade to Jerusalem. But one day while kneeling in the

chapel of Edward the Confessor he was seized with a final paroxysm, and borne into this chamber to die. In this room the body of Addison lay in state, and was borne thence at dead of night to its last resting-place in the chapel of Henry VII., the procession passing round the shrine of Edward the Confessor, and the choir singing a funeral hymn. From the Jerusalem Chamber also the body of Sir Isaae Newton was carried to the grave, the pall being borne by the Lord Chanellor and by dukes and earls.

But the grander and more impressive associations that cluster about this historic room are those born of the acts of the living, rather than of ministries to the dying and the dead. A considerable portion of the work of giving to the world King James's invaluable version of the Word of God is said to have been done in this chamber. The English Prayer-Book also, and that of the American Episopal Church, have issued, in part at least, from the Jernsalem Chamber. In the same hallowed precincts much of the work of the New Revision has been also done. Add to these facts the fact that here were held most of the fifteen hundred and sixty-three sessions of the Westminster Assembly of Divines, which gave to the world the famous Confession of Faith, Directory for Worship, and the Larger and Shorter Catechisms, and we see good reason why lovers of the kingdom of God, and, not least, lovers of our Presbyterian system of doctrine and polity, should esteem it no small privilege to stand within the confines of the Jerusalem Chamber. Of that Assembly, the session of which opened in 1643, an eye-witness wrote :

"The like of that Assemblie I did never see, and as we hear say, the like was never in England nor anywhere is shortlie lyke to be. They did sitt in Henry VII.'s Chappell in the place of the convoca-

tion ; but since the weather grew cold they did go to Jerusalem Chamber, a fair roome in the Abbey of Westminster. At the one end nearest the doore and both sydes are stages of seats. At the upmost end there is a chair set on ane frame, a foot from the earth, for Mr. Proloqutor Dr. Twisse. Before it on the ground stands two chairs for the two Mr. Assessors Dr. Burgess and Mr. Whyte. Before these two chairs, through the length of the roome, stands a table at which sitts the two scribes. The house is all well hung, and has a good fyre, which is some dainties in London. Forenent the table, upon the Proloqutor's right hand, there are three or four rankes of formes. On the lowest we five doe sit ; upon the others at our backs the members of Parliament deputed to the Assemblie. On the formes forenent us on the Proloqutor's left hand, going from the upper end of the house to the chimney, and at the other end of the house and back-syde of the table till it eome about to our seats, are four or five stages of formes whereupon their divines sitts as they please. From the chimney to the doore there is no seats, but a void about the fyre."

Standing in this room to-day we can reproduce the scene, and feel ourselves fascinated with the memories that throng upon us. The death-scene of King Henry, the shrouded forms of Addison and Newton, and all transactions connected with secular life vanish from our thoughts in the presence of this remarkable body of intellect, learning, and piety, and in view of the influence of their labors upon millions of human beings, in the formation of character, in the control of thought and of life, and in the salvation of souls ! Those standards embody the life of that system of which Dean Stanley has so feebly and Froude so forcibly written. Stanley :

"Out of these halls came the Directory, the Larger and Shorter Catechisms, and that famous Confession of Faith which, alone of all Protestant Confessions, still, in spite of its sternness and narrowness, retains a hold on the minds of its adherents to which its fervor and logical coherence in some measure entitle it."

Froude :

"When all else has failed, when patriotism has covered its face and human courage has broken down, when emotion and sentiment and

tender imaginative piety have become the handmaids of superstition, and have dreamt themselves into forgetfulness that there is any difference between lies and truth, the slavish form of belief called Calvinism has borne an ever inflexible front to illusion and mendacity, and has preferred rather to be ground to powder like flint than to bend before violence, or melt under enervating temptation."

On the western wall of the chamber, far up toward the ceiling, we see in fresco the form of George Gillespie in the act of offering that memorable prayer. The Assembly of Divines had reached the point in their deliberations where it was necessary to frame an answer to the question, "What is God?" Among the members of the Assembly was young Gillespie, one of the four Scotch Commissioners, brilliantly gifted and of wide reading, who at the age of twenty-five had become the author of a book that displayed both ability and erudition, and as devout as he was gifted. It was upon him it is said that the call was made to lead the Assembly in prayer ere they proceeded to frame the answer to the momentous question. The opening words of that prayer were, "O God, infinite, eternal and unchangeable in thy being, wisdom, power, holiness, justice, goodness, and truth;" and these words were taken as the best answer to the question under consideration that that great and devout Assembly could devise.

And the whole two hundred and forty years of theological investigation and controversy since that day have added nothing to those definitions of justification, adoption, sanctification, faith, repentance, and effectual calling. When believers in our day are looking forward to a coming celebration of the Supper of our Lord, we know of no better helps outside the Bible than are to be found in the answers to those questions given so long ago in the Jerusalem Chamber in Westminster Abbey.

WESTMINSTER HALL.

An edifice that will repay a much closer scrutiny and much more protracted study than it receives from the crowd of rushing tourists is Westminster Hall. It lies alongside of, parallel with, and fairly nestles into the embrace of the grand pile of new Parliament buildings on the Thames. When the time came to erect these new buildings, the good sense of England refused to disturb the venerable old hall, interwoven as it is with centuries of the life of the nation, and the new edifice was erected on the eastern side, and so constructed as to fold the old hall into its own bosom. There sits that hall, 270 feet long, 74 feet wide, and 100 feet high. It now forms a grand passage-way to the Houses of Parliament.

This hall was built by William the Red, the son and successor of William the Conqueror, but it was almost wholly rebuilt by Richard II., son of the Black Prince and husband of Queen Anne of Bohemia. The roof of Irish oak has for ages extorted the admiration of architects. It is composed of massive beams carved over with angels, and so adjusted to each other as, without supporting pillars, proudly to support both itself and the outside roof above it.

Before entering let us take a look around us. On the edge of that sharp gable rising between those two massive towers three human heads for a long period evoked the admiration and delighted the delicate taste of that day : on one side, the head of Ireton, the son-in-law of Cromwell ; on the other, the head of Bradshaw, President of the High Court of Justice that tried and condemned Charles I., and between them, as the greatest

criminal of the three, the head of Oliver Cromwell. Many a time has this yard, north of the hall, been decorated with that old-fashioned ornament, the pillory, with a man seated in it, to be hooted and jeered at by the rabble below. For some years, every day in term-time, a much less offensive spectacle presented itself in the person of Cardinal Wolsey coming from York Palace, riding on his mule ; the meek animal under its gorgeous load fitly representing the realm of England, and its trappings of crimson velvet, saddle of the same precious stuff, and gilt stirrups representing the gaudy, magnificent government that in those days bestrode the patient realm.

Entering now the great northern door, you pass southward between a row of marble statues on each hand to the southern end, where a grand flight of stairs lands you in St. Stephen's porch. Here, turning to the left and looking eastward, you see through a fine lofty archway St. Stephen's Hall, that leads to the lobby of the House of Commons. A magnificent ceiling looks down from above, and along its sides an array of fine statues presents the forms of many whom England delights to honor—Hampden, Chatham, Burke, Fox, and Pitt, whose form and features show you such a resemblance to Dr. John Hall, of New York, that if the statue should be removed thence and placed in the vestibule of the Fifth Avenue church, the people would take it for granted that their beloved pastor had stood for the model, and would say that the artist had achieved a signal success in the representation.

From St. Stephen's porch, looking northward, you obtain a fine view of the interior of Westminster Hall. Having been built by King Richard II., you would expect, of course, to find his favorite device of the White Hart somewhere upon the walls. Nor are you disap-

pointed. On the stone moulding that runs round the hall you see this antlered creature in many a repetition. Along the left western wall are the places of the passage-ways leading into the rooms where, for more than six hundred years, the great law courts of England were held—the Court of Chancery, so mercilessly pelted by Dickens in “Bleak House,” the Court of the King’s Bench, the Court of Common Pleas, and the Court of Exchequer. Once these courts were held within the hall ; they are now removed to the great Palace of Justice, at the junction of Fleet Street and the Strand, covering some eight acres of ground, where in court time you see law officers hurrying to and fro in their funny tight-curled wigs and black gowns, like bewildered rooks who have lost their way and are very anxious to find it. To make way for this great edifice old Temple Bar was taken down, and its site is now marked by an elaborate monument adorned with a statue of the Queen on one side and the Prince Consort on the other, and surmounted by a bronze griffin that reminds one of the ordinary representations of the Evil One, indicating, not members of the legal profession nor the character of the law, but the evils which the law and the lawyers remove. For many a generation the old Temple Bar used to be surmounted by the heads of men whom the law had doomed to decapitation. One day Goldsmith and Dr. Johnson stood gazing at those ghastly things. They had just come from Westminster Abbey, where, looking at the monuments in the Poet’s Corner, Johnson had said to Oliver, “*Forsan et nostrum nomen miscibitur istis*”—“Perhaps our name may yet find place with these.” And now as they stood gazing at those heads stuck up on Temple Bar, Goldsmith whispered, “*Forsan et nostrum nomen miscibitur istis !*”

On the right of the spectator as he stands in St. Stephen's porch, just at the foot of the stairs, is the entrance to St. Stephen's crypt, almost exactly six hundred years old. It is a gem of a Gothic chapel, the carved bosses of the ribbed roof showing the martyrdom of St. Stephen and of other saints. In making certain restorations years ago the embalmed body of a bishop of the olden time was discovered, with a carved oak Episcopal staff lying diagonally across his breast. The chapel is now being fitted up as a place of worship for the people of the neighborhood.

If on entering the great hall at the northern door one has felt a chill creep over him as from some dark spirit on his left hand, it was probably while passing the old "Star Chamber," just the other side of the wall, now, however, put to modern uses. The chamber derived its name not from any light the stars of heaven shed upon its terrible proceedings, but, say some, from the gilt stars with which the ceiling was decorated. This could hardly be, as it is pretty certain that the court sat in this chamber many long years before those stars appeared in that dark firmament. Green, in his "Short History," says that the bonds of the Jews were deposited for safety in a chamber of the Royal Palace at Westminster, which from their Hebrew names of "staris" gained the title of the Star Chamber. But whencesoever this name, the court that sat there, especially under the reign of the Tudors and the earlier Stuarts, was an engine of oppression which made its name forever odious, and one of the many excellent things done by the Long Parliament was its final abolition.

One of the achievements of this notorious court was the punishment of the Rev. Alexander Leighton, a Scottish divine and father of Archbishop Leighton. Dr.

Leighton had written a savage book or pamphlet against the bishops and the Queen. For this offence the Star Chamber had him set on a pillory in the Westminster yard, one of his ears cut off, one side of his nose slit, and one cheek branded with a hot iron, and then, one week after, had him whipped at Cheapside, placed again in the pillory, the other ear cut off, the other side of his nose slit, his other cheek branded.

Excepting the Tower of London, Westminster Hall has been the scene of more tragic transactions than any other building in London. The man who introduced the Maiden, the old-fashioned guillotine, into Scotland, little thought that the first head it would sever from the trunk would be his own. And while King William the Red was looking fondly at the erection of that hall, he little thought that so soon after its completion it would weep tears of anguish over its royal builder !

By a bitter irony, almost the first event of moment that took place in this new and magnificent edifice was the humiliation and dethronement of the king who built it, the dethronement followed at an early day by his death, with serious suspicion of violence. Henry of Lancaster rebelled, took the king captive, and lodged him in the dreadful Tower. Parliament met in Westminster Hall. The royal chair was unoccupied. A resignation of the crown extorted from the imprisoned king was read : “ I have been King of England about twenty-two years, which royalty, crown, sceptre and heritage I here clearly resign to my cousin, Henry of Lancaster, and I desire him here in this open presence, in entering of this same possession, to take this crown and sceptre.” The resignation was accepted with loud acclamations by the people, and an act of deposition pronounced. Henry then came forward and said, “ In

the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, I, Henry of Lancaster, chalenge this rewme of Ynglande and the crown, with all the menibers and the appurtenances, als I that am descendit be right line of the blode, comyng from the good lord King Henry therde and thro thorge that the right that God of his grace hath sent me with help of my kyn and of my frendes to recover it." The Archbishops of Canterbury and York then led Henry to the royal chair, "all the people wonderfully shonting for joy." It has been true of more than King Richard, "He heapeth up riches, and he knoweth not who shall gather them."

WILLIAM WALLACE.

Who that read "The Scottish Chiefs" in early days does not remember how the young heart beat with exultation as he saw Wallace, the patriot hero, gigantic in stature and gigantic in strength, leading the Scottish hosts at Stirling, and sweeping the field of the English invaders as with a besom, and thereby setting in motion forces that stayed not in their course till Scotland was free! But as William the Silent fell under the dagger of the assassin, and as Abraham Lincoln and James Abram Garfield fell under the pistol-shot of murderers, so William Wallace fell by judicial murder, to which he was doomed by trial, here beneath the roof of Westminster Hall. Standing in St. Stephen's porch, we seem to see the tall, broad form of the hero as he comes in at the northern door and approaches the steps of the grim tribunal, its sentence made up before the trial began, crowned with a garland of oak leaves as king of outlaws, and arraigned as traitor to the English crown. Bound in fetters of iron, he had been hurried from the land his prowess had set free, southward to London, and lodged in Fenchurch Street. On the 23d of August, on

horseback, surrounded by a crowd of guards consisting of the Mayor of London, sheriffs, and aldermen, he rode through the streets, a spectacle to the giddy populace, to the place of trial. At the word "traitor," he indignantly replies, "Traitor I could not be, for I was no subject of King Edward." Sentence of death was passed upon him, and he was dragged at the tails of horses to blood-soaked Smithfield, where his head was struck off, and, according to the horrible custom of the times, it was placed upon a pole and set up to view on London Bridge. His body was cut into quarters, and the ghastly fragments exhibited at Newcastle, Berwick, Perth, and Aberdeen. London exulted, Scotland broke into lamentations which merged into vows of vengeance, vows which Bruce carried into execution.

EVIL MAY DAY.

"Evil May Day," in 1517, was the occasion of a scene in this old hall of curious, varied, and thrilling interest. A may-pole, "the great shaft of Cornhill," had been set up on the first of May, and profusely decked with boughs and garlands. Rumor went out that riot was intended, and Wolsey warned the mayor and aldermen of the impending danger. In consequence, a proclamation ordered every one to be within doors at nine o'clock in the evening. Some, however, who did not know of the proclamation, continued their sports after the specified hour, and some of these an alderman attempted to arrest, when, surprised and indignant at what they deemed an invasion of their rights, they raised the well-known cry of "'Prentices and Clubs !' Clubs and 'prentices soon filled the street, and now began the riot in good earnest. Houses were sacked, and insurrection ran through the city. The guns of the Tower

thundered upon the insurgents. Armed bands assailed them right and left. Three hundred were arrested, tried, and hanged. Besides these, four hundred and eighty men and eleven women were taken and put in prison. And on a given day King Henry VIII., in all his majesty, took his seat in the royal chair at Westminster Hall to give judgment upon them. By and by the doors were thrown open, and in marched this great army of culprits, under strong guard, every one with a rope about the neck, ready for the hanging if the verdict went against them. But before the grim sentenee was rendered, lo ! through the crowd three women, with their attendants, were seen making their way toward the throne. They were Queens Catherine of Aragon, wife of the king ; Margaret of Scotland, sister of the king ; and Mary of France. They approached the throne, kneeled at the feet of his majesty, and there for a long time they pleaded for the lives of those people. What a scene ! The king in purple and gold, his courtiers and officers of state in all the glory of lordly ostentation, and those kneeling queens, their womanhood outshining their royal bloom and their queenly attire, their hands clasped and tears on their cheeks, and the, as yet, not utterly hardened monarch melting to mercy under the silent intercession ! At last the king relented and forgave them. Then Wolsey gave them a “good exhortation,” and “all the prisoners shouted at once, and altogether cast up their halters into the hall-roof, so that the king might perceive that they were none of the discreetest sort.” And now out of that hall rushed the four hundred and ninety-one persons, freed from their peril, back to their homes. And oh ! what millions of condemned ones, at the intercession of a love more tender than even that of woman, a “love stronger than

death, many waters cannot quench it, neither can floods drown it,' have gone forth in the great hall of God, pardoned, accepted, saved !

THE ROYAL CULPRIT.

On the 20th of January, 1649, the "High Court of Justice" sat in Westminster Hall for the trial of Charles Stuart upon the charge of high treason. This court had been appointed by the House of Commons, who in the appointing act made the striking statement that the people, after God, are the sources of all just power, and that the representatives of the people are the supreme power in the nation, and that whatsoever is enacted or declared for law by the Commons in Parliament hath the force of law. Against the wall, just above the heads of the court which sat at the southern end of the hall, was an oval escutcheon on which were depicted the Red Cross of England and the Harp of Ireland. Just before and under the escutcheon sat Oliver Cromwell and Henry Marten. The members of the court sat in rows with their hats on, and in the middle of the front row and on an elevated platform the Lord President Bradshaw had his seat. His chair was covered with crimson velvet, his person wrapped in a scarlet robe. A desk was before him and on it a velvet cushion. His head was covered by his broad-brimmed hat. On the right of the Lord President sat John Lyle, and on his left William Say, assistants to the President. On the floor, before the platform, was a large table covered with a rich Turkey rug and on it lay the sword of state and the mace. The benches on which the members of the court sat were hung with scarlet.

At the end of the table nearest the court were two

clerks, Andrew Broughton and John Phelps, and at the other end of the table, facing the court, sat the king. At the right of the king stood three counsellors for the commonwealth, Coke, Dorislaus and Aske. On each side an array of guards connected the court with the boxes occupied by the king and the counsellors for the commonwealth, and over the heads of all floated the tattered banners of the cavaliers taken at the battles of Marston Moor and Naseby.

The day before the court opened the king had been conducted from Windsor, twenty miles west of London, and lodged at the Palace of St. James. The next morning he was brought in a Sedan-chair to the hall, in at the northern door, on toward the southern end and placed in his seat by the side of the counsellors for the commonwealth, facing the court. In silence he took his seat. He moved not his hat, and the members of the court neither removed theirs, nor rose at his entrance. During the trial an incident occurred trivial in itself, but which as the king confessed to the bishop stirred his spirit with a sense of dread. Leaning upon his golden-headed staff, perhaps in the emotions of the hour more heavily than he was conscious of, the head of the staff broke off and fell to the floor. He took it up with a firm hand but with a trembling heart. To himself he seemed to be the golden head of the nation and the incident he feared might be prophetic of his fall. Thirty-two witnesses were examined, and on the fifth day the king was condemned as a tyrant, traitor, murderer and enemy of his country.

It was a daring thing, especially in those days, thus to bring a king to trial and execution; but when we remember the fearful havoc kings have made with the rights and lives of the people, the wonder is that more of

them have not felt the heavy hand of those they so sorely oppressed.

THE CHAMPION.

Within these walls, the great coronation banquets were given and enjoyed. With the mind's eye we can see the tables filling the great space, excepting narrow passage-ways between them, and a wide passage-way down the centre of the hall. From the galleries splendid groups of spectators watched the feast. Great was the clatter of tongues and dishes, loud the murmurs that from so many voices and so much varied action rose to the roof ; sumptuous the feast, deep the drinking, as the time rolled on. Suddenly, in the midst of the banquet, the blare of many trumpets rang through the hall, the doors at the northern end flew open and in rode the royal champion on a magnificently caparisoned charger taken from the royal stables, “the best but one” of all the praneers in the horse-palaces. The rider is armed cap-a-pie and is preceded by his spear-bearer and shield-bearer. Reaching the middle of the Assembly he hurls his mailed gauntlet upon the ground and defies to single combat any one who shall dare to gainsay the right of the monarch to the crown. Having repeated his challenge three times, and no one taking up the gauntlet, he rides his charger up the hall to where the sovereign sits, and the sovereign pledges the champion in a cup of gold which is afterward sent as a present to the latter. This bit of old chivalrie glory continued down to the corona-tion of King George IV., and now survives only among the memories that fringe the past with so many fascina-tions.

WARREN HASTINGS.

But second in stirring, even in thrilling interest to no other of the many transactions that combine to wreathie

that great hall with fascinating associations, was the trial of Warren Hastings. None who have read Macaulay will be able to tolerate a description of this trial in any other words but his. Even in Macaulay, more vivid picturing, richer rhetoric, sentences rolling on in such golden tides can hardly be found. Well does he say that the place was worthy of such a trial—the hall which had resounded with acclamations at the inauguration of thirty kings. The peers robed in gold and ermine were marshalled by the heralds under garter king-at-arms. Nearly a hundred and seventy lords walked in solemn order to the tribunal. The long procession was closed by the Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal of the realm, by the great dignitaries, and by the brothers and sons of the king. Last of all came the Prince of Wales, conspicuous by his fine person and noble bearing. The gray old walls were hung with scarlet. The long galleries were crowded by an audience such as has rarely excited the fears or the emulations of an orator. There were seated around the queen, the fair-haired daughter of the House of Brunswick. There the ambassadors of great kings and commonwealths gazed with admiration on a spectacle which no other country in the world could present. There Siddons, in the prime of her majestic beauty, looked with emotion on a scene surpassing all the imitations of the stage. There the historian of the Roman Empire thought of the days when Cicero pleaded against the Verres, and when before a Senate Tacitus thundered against the oppressors of Africa. The spectacle had allured Reynolds from that easel which has preserved to us the thoughtful foreheads of so many writers and statesmen, the sweet smile of so many noble matrons. There appeared the voluptuous charms of her to whom the heir of the throne had in secret plighted his

faith. There, too, was she, the beautiful mother of a beautiful race, the St. Cecilia, whose delicate features, lighted up by love and music, art has rescued from the common decay.

The sergeants made proclamation. Hastings advanced to the bar and bent the knee. He looked like a great man, and not like a bad man. A person small and emaciated—a high intellectual forehead, a brow pensive but not gloomy, a mouth of inflexible decision, a face pale and worn, but serene.

In the midst of the blaze of red drapery, a space had been fitted up with green benches and tables for the Commons. The managers, with Burke at their head, appeared in full dress. Fox, generally so regardless of his appearance, had paid the illustrious tribunal the compliment of wearing a bag and sword. The box in which the managers stood contained an array of speakers such as perhaps had not appeared together since the great age of Athenian eloquence. Fox and Sheridan, the English Demosthenes and the English Hyperides; Burke, in amplitude of comprehension and richness of imagination, superior to every orator, ancient or modern; the ingenuous, the chivalrous, the high-souled Windham; and with his splendid talents and unblemished honor Charles Earl Grey.

On the third day Burke rose. Four sittings were occupied by his opening speech. With an exuberance of thought and a splendor of diction which more than satisfied the highly raised expectations of the audience, he described the character and institutions of India, recounted the origin of the Asiatic Empire of Britain, and arraigned the administration of Hastings. The energy, the pathos of the great orator extorted expressions of unwonted admiration from the stern, hostile chancellor.

The ladies in the galleries, unaccustomed to such displays of eloquence, excited by the solemnity of the occasion, were in a state of uncontrollable emotion. Handkerchiefs were pulled out, snelling-bottles were handed round, hysterical sobs and screams were heard, and Mrs. Sheridan was carried out in a fit. At length the orator, raising his voice till the old arches of Irish oak resounded, said : “Therefore hath it with all confidence been ordered by the Commons of Great Britain that I impeach Warren Hastings of high crimes and misdemeanors ; I impeach him in the name of the Commons’ House of Parliament, whose trust he has betrayed. I impeach him in the name of the English nation, whose ancient honor he has sullied. I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose rights he has trodden underfoot, whose country he has turned into a desert. Lastly, in the name of human nature, in the name of both sexes, in the name of every age, in the name of every rank, I impeach the common enemy and oppressor of us all.”

As to-day we stand beneath that old roof, we cannot but feel the presence and hear the voices and the tread of the giants who spake and walked in other days within these walls, mossy with age, beneath that roof festooned with the doings of centuries.

LAMBETH PALACE.

LOOKING through the smoke across the Thames from the western end of Westminster Bridge to the eastern bank, one sees, almost just opposite the Parliament

Houses, an edifice not very imposing at this distance which great numbers of tourists altogether ignore. And yet it would be difficult to find, even in London, a building more amply clad with associations of soul-stirring import. For twopence the boat landed us at the wharf, and a short walk brought us to the grand gateway of brick with stone dressing, flanked by two imposing towers, and here we found that we were an hour too early. This was anything but a welcome piece of information, as we had no hours to waste, and then, in answer to our request of the archbishop for a permit, we had received a card, promptly sent, on which nothing was said about time, and it was now after ten o'clock. The reason given, however, for the delay was curiously interesting. As stated by the porter, it was this : "I am giving out the archbishop's dole." And we found that for hundreds of years, on a certain day of the week, between certain hours, from a fund provided for the purpose, a gift of bread has been made to certain poor people, and the almoner was then engaged in this work of charity. The time has been when four thousand people, twice a week, received each a farthing loaf at this old gateway. If it was too early to enter, it was not too early to take a look at those venerable bricks and stones that had been put together in those walls before Columbus chartered his three vessels for his pleasure trip across the Atlantic in quest of a new world. And some three hundred years before *that*, the palace behind that gate had become the official residence of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Leaving the almoner to dole out his gifts, we took a seat on the top of a bus to spend the time in a tour of exploration. Passing up and down that embankment it is difficult to see how all that land can have grown be-

tween Lambeth Palace and the river. There was a time when the Thames washed the walls of the palace, and now quite an expanse of land intervenes between them. The fact is that not only men and animals—as, for example, the wolf transmuted into the house-dog—but even brawling, raging rivers bow in humility to the mastering behests of civilization. The mouth of the Mississippi is feeling its touch at the hands of Captain Eads. There was a time when Father Thames had things pretty much his own way. During his Druidical, Saxon and early Norman days, he spread himself into many a region where now he sees and obeys the sign—“No thoroughfare.” He once brought the pleasure barges up the steps of the still existing and beautiful Watergate of York House, between which and the river at the present time lie acres of land. The Strand is a good way from the river, yet its name informs us that it was once near enough to be styled the Strand. And not so very long ago the waters of the river washed the walls of Lambeth Palace and invaded its cellars, and to shut them out, earth was thrown in till the pillars of the crypt beneath the chapel have been buried nearly up to their capitals in the process. And there have been times in the history of Lambeth Palace when these waters below it were made the agents of a terrible utility.

As we entered, we were pointed to a wall called the Mercy Wall, because of the shelter it gave to a fugitive queen, then a young mother with her babe, one cold stormy December night. The poor woman was suffering, as myriads of women in every age suffer from the sins of the husband. James the Second, happily the last of the Stuarts, except such Stuarts as those Presbyterian ones of New York and Philadelphia, and we pray that the world may never see the last of such, had by his

tyranny, and by his evident aims at thorough despotism, at last worn out the endurance of the people, who were now waiting the arrival of William on his way from Torbay. The terrified king was pacing the floor of Whitehall and listening to the ominous tidings as breathless messengers followed each other to his palace. It was at length decided that the queen with the babe should fly and make her way to France. An open skiff at the back stairs of the palace took the queen on board with the baby prince and two women, and was shoved off into the darkness and the storm. The wind was cold, the rain came pitilessly down, the night was dark, the water rough, as the frail bark, tossed to and fro, made its way toward the other shore. A carriage was in waiting, but the horses were not harnessed. Dreading discovery, and hence not daring to enter any house, the queen cowered for shelter beneath the walls of Lambeth Palace, shuddering at the sound of every footprint, and trembling with fear even when the hostler came with his lantern to announce that the coach was ready. Entering it with her little company, she was driven away into the storm and night, and in due time reached Gravesend, and sailed for France.

We are now within the walls of the palace—the home for more than six hundred years of the Archbishop of Canterbury. By a stupendous anomaly the monarch of England is the supreme head on earth of the Church of England, be that monarch as pure and pious as Queen Victoria or as impure and vile as George the Fourth. Next to the monarch in church rank stands the Archbishop of Canterbury. The Archbishop of York is the Primate of England, but the Archbishop of Canterbury is the Primate of All England. As such he is pastor of the royal family, and hence claims the right, when royal

personages are to be joined in holy wedloek, to tie the sacred knot. Accordingly when the Bishop of Salisbury claimed the privilege of marrying Henry I. on the ground that Windsor Castle was in his diocese, his claim was met by a protest on the part of the nobles. With three exceptions only since the time of William the Conqueror the Archbishop of Canterbury has placed the crown upon the head of the monarch on his accession to the throne. For a long time the Archbishop of York was expressly excluded from this service, and in the absence of the Primate of Canterbury the service was to be performed by the Bishop of London. Now, however, this act of coronation may be done by the Primate of Canterbury or the Primate of York, or by any other bishop whom the sovereign may appoint.

The word Lambeth means lamb-hithe—lamb-hither—that is, a landing-place for lambs. Some of the archepiscopal lambs who have landed at Lambeth have worn a golden fleece and a collar of diamonds and rubies. The household of one of these lamb-like primates comprised “a steward, treasurer, comptroller, gamators, clerk of the kitchen, caterer, clerk of the spicery, yeoman of the ewery, bakers, pantlers, yeoman of the horse, yeomen ushers, butlers of wine and ale, larderers, squilaries, ushers of the hall, porters, ushers of the chamber, gentlemen ushers, yeomen of the chambers, marshal, groom-ushers, almoners, cooks, chandlers, butchers, master of the horse, yeomen of the wardrobe, and harbingers. There were generally three tables spread in the hall and served at the same time, at the first of which sat the archbishop, surrounded by peers of the realm, privy councillors and gentlemen of the greatest quality; at the second sat the chaplains and all other clerical guests below the rank of diocesan bishops and abbots;

and at the third or steward's table sat all the other gentlemen invited." One would think that a real lamb would hardly know himself in these surroundings. How terribly unlamblike were the spirit and deportment of some of the occupants of this arch-episcopal fold, the pages of history tell and the frowning, weeping Lollard's Tower testifies.

It required some very serious and not over-seemly contests to settle the question of precedence between the two Primates of Canterbury and York. At a meeting of the Provincial Council in the Chapel of St. Catherine's, Westminster, 1174, nearly twenty-five years before Lambeth property was acquired, Canterbury took his seat on the right of the Pope's Legate—"When," says the narrative, "in springs Roger of York and finding Canterbury so seated, fairly sits himself down on Canterbury's lap—a baby too big to be danc'd thereon ; yea Canterbury's servants dandled this large child with a witness, who plucked him thence and buffeted him to purpose." In the scuffle, Dean Stanley tells us, the northern primate was seized, as he alleged, by the Bishop of Ely, thrown on his face, trampled down, beat with fists and sticks and severely bruised.

All this, however, was before the primates had entered lamb-hithe, and, indeed, it occurred in those old Roman Catholic times when no better things could be expected. Alas that the lamb-like spirit should have been so often so far away from Lambeth after the Reformation had opened those palace doors to Protestant dignitaries ! The truth is, however, that again and again, and especially during the craze for uniformity—a craze that even yet affects, to a certain degree, some good Christian people—the clash of persecution sounded out more harshly from Lambeth Palace than it did even from the throne.

Uniformity in worship was an English Protestant invention—a sheer novelty. The greatest variety had prevailed in the Romish Church ; but all of a sudden a passion for this uniformity seized upon the authorities of Church and State, and, for the style of a cap, the color or cut of a robe, pulpits by the hundreds were emptied of their best occupants ; families were impoverished and prisons filled and men burned to death. And in many and many an instance the rousing force in these persecutions issued from the precincts of Lambeth. When Elizabeth “herself seened to be at a stand, the archbishop spirited her forward.” Pertinently was it said, “It seems a little odd that uniformity should be necessary to the decent worship of God, when in most other things there is greater beauty in variety. The rigorous pressing of the Act of Uniformity was the occasion of all the mischiefs that befell the Church for eighty years.” Thus, while the lambs of Lambeth were clad in golden fleece and diamond collars, they sometimes wore the lion’s mane, jaws and claws.

Almost exactly five hundred years ago a scene of profound interest was witnessed in this palace. It was a trial scene. The judge was Courtney, Bishop of London, soon, however, to be Archbishop of Canterbury. The defendant at the bar was a tall, thin man, clothed with a long, black gown, girdled around his waist. He wore a heavy, flowing beard ; his features were keen and sharply cut ; his eye clear and penetrating ; his mouth closed with every mark of unyielding purpose ; every inch a man in loftiness of aim and dignity of bearing. That he was a man of some nerve may be inferred from the fact that already there were five Papal bulls roaring after him, and he paid no more attention to them than if they had been so many kittens mewing. The name of

this defendant was John de Wycliffe. The trial produced a great excitement in London, and crowds of citizens surrounded Lambeth Palace, and some even forced their way into the court. The trial had not proceeded very far when Sir Henry Clifford entered, himself a Lollard and “knight of the body” to Joan, Princess of Wales, widow of the Black Prince, and mother of the king. From the princess the knight bore a message to the effect that the Council should not “presume to pronounce anything in the form of a sentence against the said John.” The result was that “the said John” bade the discomfited court good-by, entered a skiff and went back to Oxford.

But let us go into the hall built during the reign of Charles II. It is now a library ; it has a grand roof of carved oak. The library contains some exceedingly beautiful manuscripts, among them a copy of the four Gospels in Irish, given by King Athelstan to the city of Canterbury, and a copy of the Koran, taken from the library of Tippoo Saib at Seringapatam. The penmanship of those old monks was quite as good as that of some Protestants I know—ministers and elders. Upstairs is the old guard-room, now the dining-hall, and along the staircase and on the walls of the hall are some portraits that speak of centuries gone by. Here is the face of Matthew Parker, admitted to Lambeth as archbishop by Queen Elizabeth. He was a grim, active persecutor, not only obeying with shameful servility the mandates of the queen, but often outrunning both her zeal and the limits of the law. This face is that of Archbishop Grindal, the successor of Parker, and in spirit much more like the beloved John than like his cruel predecessor. So gentle was he with the Puritans that before a year had gone over his head in his high

office, the pitiless queen suspended him ; nor did she restore him till he was old and blind and ready to die. One of the faces we especially sought out was that of Archbishop Laud. Laud, Wentworth and Charles I. were the triumvirate that undertook to bind England, Ireland and Scotland with strong cords, and lay them helpless at the feet of the English throne. Their success was about equal to that of the seven sons of Sceva, the Jew, who undertook to cure a demoniac by using the name of Jesus, whom Paul preached, and upon whom the patient leaped, overcoming them, so that they fled out of the house naked and wounded. The triumvirate succeeded in getting England and Ireland down, but in Scotland the stool of good Janet Geddes, flung at the head of the Dean of Edinburgh, was the occasion of a reaction that ultimately took off the head of Charles, of Wentworth, and of Laud, and saved constitutional liberty for Britain and the world. But here is one more portrait that fixes the eye and perhaps calls a tear into it. The face is not one that indicates vigor or decision of character, though the beard resembles that of a much greater and better man, John Knox. What means that hand so carefully held to view ? That is the hand that signed the recantation, and that at the last was held out in the flame till it burned off, while the suffering penitent stood and exclaimed, "That unworthy hand !" While in power, Cranmer had yielded to the spirit of persecution, and the blood of saints was on his garments. When *his* turn came to suffer, he at first shrank from the ordeal and denied his Lord, but at last the very spirit of heroism came to him, and he died in triumph ! It was a happy thought of the painter to put that hand in view upon the canvas !

But it is time to make our way up the narrow stairs

into the “ Lollard’s Tower,” said to be the oldest brick-work in England since the time of the Romans. Through a door opening out of the beautiful chapel in which most of the archbishops have been consecrated, we pass into the post-room, with its fine, flat, richly ornamented ceiling, and its central post to which the Lollards were tied to be whipped. And now we go up a narrow, winding staircase made of oak slabs, so rude that even the bark was left on them. This stairway, now some four hundred and fifty years old, has given passage to troops of human feet through every generation, some of them dragging heavy chains, some of them shod with authority to torture and to slay. It leads us into the Lollard’s Prison. This prison is thirteen feet one way, twelve the other and eight feet high. It is lined, sides, floor and ceiling, with heavy oak boards about an inch thick. Its massive door is piercéd with a small, square opening through which the hapless inmates could be inspected by the jailer or persecutor. Eight grim, strong iron rings in the sides of the room, and certain marks brnéd by hot iron ; the fireplace without a chimney indicating coal fires for the purposes of suffocation ; the trap-door in the floor opening into the water below for the bodies of the living or the dead, tell to the eye a tale the ear would rather not hear. As in the case of its grim brother, the “ Beanehampt Tower,” in the Tower of London, the walls, marked with inscriptions, show how the prisoners spent some of the moments of their weary confinement as they awaited release or death. Some of them cut notches in the boards to mark the lapse of time. One inscription reads “ IHS, cyppe me out of all compane. Amen.”

In our easy-going time when Christianity walks in velvet slippers and fares sumptuously every day, it can-

not be amiss that we refresh our minds with the story of what men and women endured for conscience' sake and Christ's sake in the days gone by. Lambeth Palace stands before us to-day a kind of parenthesis between the Lollard's Tower with its horrid appliances of oppression and torture, and the Mercy Tower, beneath whose sheltering walls Queen Mary Beatrice crouched with her babe that night. And as the sun is stronger than the clouds, and is sure to conquer in the conflict, so mercy has long ago expelled all thought of cruelty from Lambeth Palace, and left it the home of the Gospel of peace. And the Lollard's Tower remains only a place for tears at the thought of the sins and follies of persecutors, and the woes of those who in other days had trials of cruel mockings and scourgings, yea, moreover, of bonds and imprisonment, who were tortured, not accepting deliverance that they might obtain a better resurrection.

HAMPTON COURT.

VERY few, one would think, can be insensible to the charm imparted to a scene by association with the doings, the darings, the joys, the sorrows, the victories, the defeats, the virtues, the crimes, of their fellow-men of other days. Some, indeed, manage to travel through the world and see only the gewgaws in the shop-windows. A friend of ours overheard a conversation at a table in London, in which a lady asked, "Daughter, did we go to Rome?" "Why, yes, mother! Don't you remember we bought those Roman scarfs there?" Others,

however, not only see the grandeurs, but, in addition to any impressions received from natural, architectural, or other glories, feel the magic influence of the presence of their fellow-men there in the ages long gone by. It certainly adds somewhat to human interest, in such a wonder as the Natural Bridge of Virginia, to think of Washington cutting there his name in the hard rock, as by his after-life he carved it so deep on the mind of an admiring world. The one charm of Runnymede gleams from the footprints of those knights of old who extorted from their lackland king the Magna Charta ; and even Mont Blanc and Matterhorn acquire an ever-increasing fascination from the daring of those who scale their awful heights, as also from the hapless lot of those who slip over the precipice, or sink into the fatal chasm. And to many a wanderer over England's storied soil, historic personages are ever starting into view, and peopling the field of thought with figures of men and women that in their day filled the eyes of all, but who long ago glided out of the dark door, and forever out of human view.

At Hampton Court the fancy can hardly fail to see gliding through the air, walking noiselessly through court and corridor, the shadowy forms of Wolsey, strong, handsome, gorgeous in his ostentation; of Henry VIII., the burly tyrant and bloody wife-killer ; of Anne Boleyn ; of Catherine Howard ; of Mary the Bloody, and Philip, her sallow-faced, gloomy-browed husband ; of Elizabeth ; of Edward VI., “a prince—for learning and piety, for acquaintance with the world and application to business, the very wonder of his age”—cut off, in the inscrutable providence of God, in the dewy dawn of manhood ; of Charles I., and of Cromwell.

Hampton Palace may be reached by rail in a ride of

some twelve miles from Charing Cross, and by the river through a very serpentine course of about twenty miles. The palace was one of Wolsey's magnificent creations, as also was the Palace of Whitehall. It is a curious fact that Cromwell sickened at the former, and died in the latter. Wolsey leased the ground on which to build the palace for a period of ninety-nine years, and in less than ten years he was constrained, by a shrewd insight into what threatened his peace and safety, to make it a present to the king. In magnitude, in splendor of design and ornamentation, the palace was worthy of the imperial tastes of the cardinal, whose rank placed him next to the king, with some uncertainty as to which came first, and whose household consisted of eight hundred persons. "Of gentlemen ushers, he had twelve daily waiters, besides one in the privy chamber, and of gentlemen waiters in his privy chamber he had six ; of lords, nine or ten, who had each of them two men allowed to attend upon them, except the Earl of Derby, who always was allowed five men. Then had he of gentlemen cup-bearers, carvers, servers, both of the privy chamber and of the great chamber, with gentlemen and daily waiters, forty persons ; of yeomen ushers, six ; of grooms in his chamber, eight ; of yeomen in his chamber, forty-five daily. He had also almsmen, sometimes more in number than at other times."

The grounds selected for this monument of his glory are washed on one side by the Thames, and the rest of the circuit was separated from the outside world by a deep fosse. At one edge of this broad area rose the stately pile under the cardinal's superbly tasteful eye. A magnificent gateway, with wide-expanded wings, welcomed the coming guest. Behind the gateway a great court, one hundred and sixty-seven feet long and one

hundred and forty broad, received him. Then followed in course, court after court—the “Clock Court,” the “Fountain Court”—all these courts encompassed with ranges of rooms looking down into them, and from the outer sides, looking over the magnificent grounds. These grounds were laid out in walks ; parterres inclosing an affluence of flowers, grouped according to the taste of the day ; wide lawns, green as emerald ; clumps of trees here and there ; groves ; long walks between beautiful hedge-rows ; the “Maze,” or “Labyrinth,” where the visitor finds it easier to lose himself than to recover his bearings ; “Queen Mary’s Bower,” formed by the branches of Scotch elm-trees interlocking overhead, the bower some ten feet wide, fourteen feet high, and one hundred feet long, and beneath which queens and their ladies used to sit and ply their needles in making decorations for bedroom and boudoir ; tennis court, where kings and queens played ; the “Long Walk,” an enormous embankment along the river reaching nearly half a mile—“the noblest work of the kind in Europe” ; “Water Gallery,” at the end of the terrace, erected as a landing-place for the pleasure-barges ; Greenhouse ; Grape-vine, with its main stem one foot in diameter, its principal branch one hundred and fourteen feet long, the vine yielding more than twelve hundred bunches of grapes in a season.

In the matter of interior decoration, Wolsey was as luxurious in his tastes as in other matters. In the single item of tapestries, his purchases were extravagant enough to enrich a manufactory. In one bargain he bought one hundred and thirty pieces for twenty-one rooms ; nor did he rest till every one of the extensive suites of rooms was furnished with these costly hangings.

Wolseys as well as kings are expensive luxuries to the

people. To-day in the palace, although it is occupied only by persons of rank in reduced circumstances, rooms in an almost interminable series are lined with tapestries and pictures, some of them of great value. No one can fail to be especially struck with the numerous portraits from the pencil of Sir Peter Lely—the life that sparkles in them, the warm blood that shows through the soft, snow-white skin of the painted court beauties. On the walls of the Great Hall three fine pieces of tapestry, a part of a series of nine, represent “Ye Storye of ye 7 Deadlie Syns.” It is a little surprising that those old sinners cared to be reminded in the midst of their revelries of such things as deadly sins. Eight superb pieces tell the story of the life of Abraham. In the time of Cromwell these tapestries were valued by the Parliamentary Commissioners at more than £8000 sterling.

Passing through “Anne Boleyn’s Gateway,” we find ourselves in the Clock Court, and over the gateway we see the celebrated astronomical clock. Queen Catherine Howard’s room was near this court. She had heard the clock tick and strike while King Henry was pouring honeyed words into her ear. A year had hardly passed after their marriage when Cranmer came to her from the king with his deadly message, and while he was telling her pale, trembling heart of the fickle monarch’s alienation, the clock struck, calling to her mind memories of delightful hours gone never to return, and at the sound she burst into an agony of tears and lamentations.

As you go down the queen’s great staircase, you see on the right the door of the Haunted Chamber. It is real pleasure, in these days of cast-iron positivism, to get once in a while within the precincts of a real ghost. In this room Queen Catherine Howard was shut up previous to

her removal to the deadly Tower. Finding the door unlocked, and learning that the king was in the chapel, she stole out, hurried along the hall, intent upon throwing herself at her husband's feet, but at the door of the chapel the king's guard seized her, and dragged her shrieking back to her prison and her doom. And to this day, at certain intervals, the figure of a woman dressed in white may be seen approaching the royal pew in that chapel, and just as the pew-door is reached the affrighted figure starts and flies back along the passage, filling the air with unearthly shrieks. Unfortunately, our visit, as I believe has been the case with that of most other visitors, occurred just between these apparitions, and hence we failed actually to see the ghost, but the guide-book told us all about the matter.

As to the king that day, it was hardly to be expected that one so devout and so deeply absorbed in holy meditation should allow a matter so worldly to intrude upon his thoughts. So he heard mass and received absolution, and his wife was beheaded !

The Romish Church has a world of sin to answer for in fostering crime by easy absolution. What Wycliffe said in his day has been dismally true through ages in that Church : " Many think if they give a penny to a pardoner, they shall be forgiven the breaking of all the commandments of God, and therefore they take no heed how they keep them." That prince of wickedness, Louis XI. of France, always wore a leaden image of the Virgin in his hat, and when he would perpetrate some special feat of iniquity, he would thrust his cane into the ground, hang his hat upon it, go down on his knees, and make a vow that if the Virgin would help him out with his sins, he would erect another chapel in her honor ; and to such vows as these the Virgin was indebted for

many a costly chapel. Priestly absolution has been a terrible nourisher of crime.

But there is another curious fact about that astronomical clock very much to its credit. On the night of March 2d, 1619, when James First's Queen Anne of Denmark died, the clock was striking four, but it stopped immediately, and it has done so ever since when any one long resident in the palace dies within the precincts. Of what value this habit of the clock is to any one, we did not learn, but it certainly shows a very commendable sympathy with human affairs.

One of the most notable rooms in this palace is "The Great Hall," a truly magnificent room, more than one hundred feet long, forty feet wide, and sixty feet high, flooded with many-colored light through many rich, stained-glass windows, and hung with those beautiful tapestries. It is said to be one of the most sumptuous examples extant of the internal decoration of a Tudor Palace. The roof is a marvel of Gothic beauty, and reminds one of the roof of Westminster Hall. It is a wilderness of half arches supporting whole arches, and each of these supporting a sort of screen pierced with tracery of affluently varied device ; of elaborately carved pendants hanging from the inner extremities of the half arch ; spandrels cut through with a profusion of delicate carving ; beams and cross-beams. Nothing, however, but a sight of the roof itself, or of a photograph of it, can convey anything but a confused idea of the whole. At one end of the hall is the Minstrel Gallery, from which night after night for many a year flowed the music to guide the steps of king, queen, prince, noble, lord, and lady in the dance, or to mellow and blend the confused murmur of conversation, laughter, and merry-making at the banquet. That ceiling now looking down

on us humble gazers at its glories, has in other days looked down, not only on banquets, dances, and revels, but on grand receptions of ambassadors from many lands. Moving slowly through that hall, and musing on the past, one can hardly resist a sigh over the evanescence of everything human.

The fires of the pyrotechnic art are very beautiful, but ere you can say “Behold!” they are no more. As we stand beneath that gorgeous roof, and think of all the glory of the past, we recall the words of Knox to the court ladies of Holy Rood, as he came from one of his memorable interviews with the bad, beautiful queen : “O fair ladies, how plesing war this lyfe of yours if it sould ever abyde, and then, in the end, that ye might pass to hevin with all this gay gear. But fye upon that knave Death that will come widder we will or not.”

But there is another apartment in this great palace that is much more interesting to us than even the Great Hall, and all the imposing scenes witnessed by that splendid roof. This is the Drawing-room within the king’s Privy Chamber. In this room was held the memorable conference between the bishops and the Puritans in the presence of King James I. On his way from Holy Rood to Whitehall, to take his seat upon the English throne, a petition signed by nearly a thousand godly hands was presented to the king, begging his influence in favor of further reformation of the Church. The king accepted the petition, and chiefly, it would seem from what followed, that he might enjoy an opportunity to exhibit his learning to the admiring English court, he appointed the “Hampton Court Conference” which was held in this room. The scenes of that conference we have the means of reproducing to our fancy. As a matter of course, the central figure is his majesty King

James. No one who has read Macaulay can have forgotten his photograph of this monarch : "The most ridiculous weaknesses seemed to meet in the wretched Solomon of Whitehall : pedantry, buffoonery, garrulity, low curiosity, the most contemptible personal cowardice. Nature and education had done their best to produce a finished specimen of all that a king ought not to be." He writes also of "his awkward figure, his rolling eye, his rickety walk, his nervous tremblings, his slobbering mouth." The picture drawn by John Richard Green presents us with "his big head, his slobbering tongue, his quilted clothes, his rickety legs, his goggle eyes, which stood out in as grotesque a contrast with all that men recalled of Henry or Elizabeth, as his gabble and rhodomontade, his want of personal dignity, his vulgar buffoonery, his coarseness, his pedantry, his contemptible cowardice." Such was the personal appearance of the "Solomon of his age," the "wisest fool in Christendom," who sat in the royal chair that day at the Hampton Court Conference.

But beneath this exterior, equally disgusting and ridiculous, there dwelt the cunning shrewdness to recognize the "form and pressure" of his environment, and the ability to take advantage of whatever fitted his despotic tastes, and made for his despotic aims.

While in Scotland this man had professed himself an enthusiastic Presbyterian. To the General Assembly he had said : "The Kirk of Scotland is the sincerest Kirk in all the world. The Kirk of Geneva keepeth Pasch and Youle, and what have they for them ? As for our neighbor Kirk in England, their service is an ill-said mass in English. They want nothing of the mass but the liftings. I charge you, my good people, ministers, doctors, elders, nobles, gentlemen, to stand to your

purity, and I forsooth, so long as I brook my life and crown, shall maintain the same against all deadly !”

But when his Majesty had got a taste of the despotism of the English monarchy, and saw the servility of the English bishops as contrasted with the stiff-backed Presbyterian elders in his own country, his old faith began to waver. Seeing this, it is said that one of his honest chaplains treated the king, James VI. of Scotland, and James I. of England, to a sermon on the text James 1 : 6 : “ He that wavereth is like a wave of the sea driven with the wind and tossed.”

In summoning the parties to the conference, the king, while inflicting the grossest injustice upon the Puritans, had unconsciously paid them a splendid compliment. He limited their number to four, and to meet and answer these four, he summoned nine bishops and nine deans, and other dignitaries of the English Church—eighteen against four ! Had the king by some unpardonable oversight admitted five Puritans, the cause of the bishops might have been lost ! The bishops and deans were becomingly arrayed in the habits of their respective offices ; the Puritans in the plain garb of professors in foreign universities. Surrounding these was a considerable array of nobles, privy counsellors, and courtiers. The conference, if conference it could be called, where four men were badgered, abused, laughed at, and mocked by the king, his eighteen Church officials, and a rabble of godless courtiers, lasted three days. When it was over, Baneroff, Bishop of London, “ passionate, ill-natured, and a cruel persecutor of good men,” probably sent an order to his tailor for a new pair of pantaloons, for the knees of those upon him must have been worn through. At every occasion he was down on his knees before this new and lovely divinity, to interpose some objection, or

to utter some raillery. On one occasion Whitgift, Archbishop of Canterbury, hardly escaped the crime of impiety by crying out to that strange specimen of kinghood, "Your Majesty speaks by special assistance of God's Spirit!" During the conference the king interrupted Dr. Raynolds, one of the most admirable and learned divines of the day, exclaiming with profane vulgarity: "You are aiming at a Scots Presbytery, which agreeeth with monarchy as well as God and the devil. Then Jack and Tom, Will and Dick, shall meet and censure me and my Council. Therefore, pray stay one seven years before you demand that of me, and if then you find me pursy and fat, and my windpipe stuffed, I will perhaps hearken to you, for let that government be up, and I am sure I shall be kept in breath; but till you find that I grow lazy, pray let that alone." Then to the bishops: "My lords, I thank you that these Puritans plead for my supremacy, for if oncee you are out and they in place, I know what would become of my supremacy, for no bishop, no king!" Then to Dr. Raynolds: "If this be all your party have to say, I will make them worse!" At this Bancroft was down again on his knees, saying: "I protest, my heart melteth for joy, that Almighty God of His singular merey has given us such a king as since Christ's time has not been." This was probably true, though in a sense the reverse of what his reverence intended.

Of this conference Mr. Hallam writes in his "Constitutional History": "In the account that we read of this meeting, we are alternately struck with wonder at the indecent and partial behavior of the king, and at the abject baseness of the bishops, mixed, according to the customs of servile natures, with insolence toward their opponents. It was easy for a monarch and eighteen

Churchmen to claim the victory, be the merits of the dispute what they might, over abashed and intimidated adversaries."

FACE TO FACE WITH OLIVER CROMWELL.

A FACE-TO-FACE interview with such a magnate does not often fall to the lot of a Presbyterian parson, and still less frequently such an interview with one who had breathed his last almost two hundred years before the parson was born. But such has been the privilege of your present correspondent. True, the body of this great Englishman, if not the greatest of them all, was absent, but *his very face* was present. I was very glad to have the privilege of seeing *his* face, but no smile passed over those features at my presence, neither did those lips utter a word of salutation, though I had come from the land whither, we are told, he was on the point of fleeing when arrested by orders from the king—a land where probably he has more admirers than he has in any other land. He seemed to be absorbed in thought, busy it may be with those royal Stuarts, one of whom he beheaded, and one of whom in turn beheaded him. Admiration of him in England, what there is of it, is perhaps too recent: his name and fame; the record of his virtues and heroic achievements; of his magnificent abilities; of the commanding position he brought England to occupy in continental affairs; of the awe with which his name inspired the potentates of the day; of the tremors that at the lifting of his finger seized the persecuting arm of the Pope, causing him to drop the

sword with which he was hewing in pieces “ upon the Alpine mountains cold ” the saints of the Most High ; of the companionship and co-operation of his great secretary, John Milton—all this and much more has perhaps been too recently called back from oblivion to have found very prominent recognition by those in charge of public affairs in England. Certain it is that while the Stuarts ; James the “ Solomon ” of the flatterers, the “ inspired ” of the bishops of his day ; Charles I., the grim, self-willed autoocrat ; Charles II., the vile sensualist ; and James II., of whom it is enough to say that he was a full-blooded Stuart—all these confront you in London at almost every turn, in niche, on pedestal, in fresco, on canvas, in public square and picture-gallery ; while for Cromwell we look almost in vain. True, Madame Tussaud has commemorated him as she has other heroes, and as she does criminals as well as heroes. We have not seen all there is in London, but the only public recognition of him that has come to our knowledge is found in “ Cromwell Road,” in the far west of the city.

Having been bewildered with the innumerable tablets, busts, statues erect, kneeling, recumbent, in aisle, nave, transept, in Westminster Abbey, of men whose fame is conterminous with their marbles, and of men whose fame fills the world and extends through time, we make our way up the broad stairs into the matchless chapel of Henry VII., past the splendid tomb where lie the bronze effigies of Henry the Red-Rose Lancaster, and Elizabeth, his wife, the White-Rose York, their blended lives ending the Wars of the Roses, and come to the extreme eastern end. A wide, bare, semicircular space meets the eye. If within the walls of that vast edifice there is a choice place for monumental stone, this is it.

And, in fact, the body of Oliver Cromwell, after having been embalmed, and having lain in state for days, was at length interred in this conspicuous place with more than regal honors, and for two or three years the remains of the Great Protector slept in peace. The Restoration came, and with it came the tomb-deseerators. With crowbar, shovel, and profane hands, the body was removed, as the inscription in the pavement quietly informs the reader, then carted to the Red Lion Inn in Holborn, kept overnight, and in the morning carted to Tyburn. There it was hung, cut down, beheaded, the body buried, the head stuck upon a sharp spike with an oak handle, and fastened upon Westminster Hall, beneath the magnifieent roof of which Cromwell had sat in judgment upon Charles I.

For years the storms beat, the winds blew upon that head, while dissolute Charles II. and his dissolute court revelled beneath it. At last one stormy night the wind blew it down, breaking the oak shaft. It was picked up by a sentry, kept till his death, and some sixty years ago came into the hands of the grandfather of the present possessor. Having learned of its whereabouts, we wrote to Mr. Horace Wilkinson, of Sevenoaks, twenty miles or so from London, and having received a very courteous reply with an invitation to his home, took rail one bright afternoon for his mansion. The iron horse sped us through beautiful Kentish landscapes, past fields with brigades of green hop-vines ; fields gray with ripening oats ; fields golden with ripened wheat or rye ; fields mottled with browsing sheep ; great windmills swinging their arms like guardian giants on the hills, and sharp, conical hop kilns with their quaint, pointed hoods, standing sentinels on the plains. We found Mr. Wilkinson waiting for us on the platform, and soon

were speeding behind two fine horses along a fine English road to his home two miles away. At length we reached a charming mansion embowered in ivy, intertwined with flowering vines, the walls projecting here and there in ever-varying outline, the roof reaching far beyond the walls, shedding the rain in the storm, and dropping heavy shadows in the sunlight. The grounds around—abounding with shrubbery in great variety, and presenting roses of every hue and of magnificent size—showed everywhere the marks of cultivated taste.

In due time Mr. Wilkinson brought into the room a handsome polished box, out of which he lifted the venerable oak box which inclosed the head when so many years ago it came into possession of his family. Out of this he lifted the head. Before, however, opening the box, Mr. Wilkinson presented a variety of documents, some in print and some in manuscript, the latter being the account written by his grandfather, carefully and minutely detailing the historic accounts and confirmatory circumstances in the case. From the narrative it appears that after the death of the sentry, his family sold the head to Mr. Russell, of Cambridgeshire, and in the same oak box that now contains it ; the head then passed into the hands of a museum-keeper, James Cox, who sold it to those through whom it came into the hands of the grandfather of the present possessor. The case of Cromwell is the only instance known of a man being beheaded after having been embalmed. There is hair on the face and on the head. The place of the noted wart over the right eye is unmistakable. The spike is rusted into the skull, and the point projects above. There seems to be no reason to question the fact that the head of the Great Lord Protector remains still above ground, as a grim protest against the brutalities that desecrated

his grave. If England is as yet unable to give positive public recognition of Cromwell's greatness, she certainly has done well so far to allow no other body to be laid in the tomb whence the Stuarts removed the body of Cromwell.

After writing the above and after it had found its way into print we ascertained that just the reverse of this is true. As great an indignity as was possible was inflicted upon that grave by the burial in it of a considerable number of the illegitimate descendants of that vile embodiment of profligacy Charles II.

It is impossible to speak too highly of the gentlemanly courtesy of Mr. Horace Wilkinson, of Sevenoaks, Kent, in his treatment of a perfect stranger, and we are very sure that a similar reception awaits any other of our countrymen who would care to look upon so curious a relic of the stirring times of the English commonwealth.

CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

THE vital relation of this grand edifice to the life—intellectual, spiritual, and temporal—of the passing centuries, is witnessed by the fact that eighteen of its archbishops have been canonized, nine of its dignitaries have been appointed cardinals, twelve of them Lord Chancellors of England, four of them Lord Treasurers, one Lord Chief Justice, and nine Chancellors of the University of Oxford.

The architecture of the cathedral ranges through all the ages and styles, from the rudest Saxon, the grand,

massive, simple Norman, and all the ages and phases of the Gothic—these phases of style so melting into each other in the whole pile as to produce a felicitous unity of effect. No cathedral interior that we have seen produces an impression of greater grandeur than that far-up vaulted nave, flanked by these great columns separating nave and aisle.

Not improbably an edifice for Christian worship stood on this site so early as the time when the Roman eagles spread their strong wings over Britain. Again and again the savage violence of war and the consuming flames have spread desolation over the spot. But all desolation has been followed by restoration, and to-day the cathedral stands in unsullied beauty and undiminished grandeur.

The scenes of devotion that have succeeded each other within these walls through the centuries have been interpolated with scenes of tragic and sanguinary violence. All readers of history are familiar with the story of Thomas à Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury—of the fierce contests between him and King Henry II.—and with the scene on that December evening, in the year 1170, when Fitzurse and his pitiless companions, in full armor, came clanging along the stone floor of the cathedral toward the steps leading from the transept to the choir, and at the foot of the stairs cut down their victim, as, with his back to a pillar, he struggled in vain with his assailants ; and with the story of the “miracles” wrought at the shrine of “the saint,” and of the “pilgrimages” to that shrine.

Our experiences at and around Canterbury Cathedral were peculiarly pleasant, and in some respects unique. In company with, say a quarter of a hundred other Canterbury pilgrims, we had gone the regulation-round of

nave, choir, chapter-house, and cloister, of course not omitting the "Martyrdom"—the place where Becket fell. We had heard from a fifth to a fourth of the vergers' historical, descriptive, and architectural eloquence, guessing at the rest, and had received an honorable dismissal, when we set out on our own tour of inspection among the ruins that fringe the cathedral grounds to the north—the ruins of the old Augustinian monastery. We passed a range of lofty arches, long since disburdened of their load, now embowered in ivy, and wondering what they were made for; solitary columns standing like travellers lost in a desert, and in their bewilderment and despair refusing to go further till some friendly guide showed them the way; angles formed by two desolate wall-fragments leaning against each other for mutual support; broad, massive stairways that led no-whither, which in their day offered passage to tens of thousands of human feet, but which feel the pressure of human feet no more. While we were gazing wistfully between the iron rods of a gate that forbade ingress at such a stairway, and wishing for free way among the fine, grandly picturesque, heavily-ivied ruins that on all sides caught the eye—arches through which other arches were seen, seamed and shaken, but ivy-clasped—we saw one approaching us clad in robes of ecclesiastical office, of what grade we in our American rusticity had no conception. Seeing us peering into those forbidden premises, he very kindly asked if we wished to enter, and on receiving our reply, he brought keys from a house near by, and admitted us. Assured by the courtly, kindly manner of our guide, we presented our credentials, and for a half hour or more we enjoyed the company of our unknown friend, who led us into many nooks and corners of that old ruin, imparting informa-

tion and pointing out objects to us of very curious interest. In the library we were shown a copy of an old fresco representing Zachariah after the birth of John. In the lap of Elizabeth lay the babe. Five men stood by who had got so mixed up under the artist's manipulation, that the whole five were supported on seven legs ! Then Zachariah must be painted *dumb*, and with an originality indicating no secondary grade of genius, the artist enunciated this fact on canvas by painting the patriarch *without a mouth* !

But our friend also opened a door into his private grounds ; and, after inspecting these, we were taken through his house. This part he said was modern, only four hundred years old ; that is, it was built no longer ago than about the time of the discovery of America. From this portion of this venerable home, we were led into the ancient part, through a suite of rooms, which together formed part of a great hall in which the Canterbury Pilgrims were entertained in the days of Chancer, and long before. We entered cosey rooms, the ceilings of which sloped well toward the floor, and the great roof-beams of which, their extreme age concealed by the work of the painter, formed with the aid of hammer and nails convenient hanging places for things of ornament and things of use. We went up a narrow wooden stairway, the steps so old and worn as to certify by their very aspect that troops of centuries had tramped over them up and down. We were led along a very narrow passage that had resounded to the tread of monks ages and ages ago. At length we came upon another friend of strangers, and especially of American strangers, and this was Mr. John R. Hall, of Canterbury, the author of a valuable book, "Rambles around Canterbury." Mr. Hall is an enthusiastic Canterbury antiquarian, has

access to many parts of the cathedral grounds inaccessible to the ordinary guides, is full of information, valuable and curious, and authorized us to send our American friends to him on this condition, that they will not come to Canterbury in one train, and go off in the next. We were very much indebted to Mr. Hall, and we advise our American friends to put themselves into his kindly and courteous hands.

But who was the mysterious friend who so kindly took us in charge, and after such courteous treatment introduced us to Mr. Hall? This inquiry forced itself more and more strongly into our thoughts as we followed and listened, and, as we parted, at our earnest request he put his card into our hand, and to our great surprise and gratification we read the name of a Right Reverend Bishop of the Church of England. At the shop near the cathedral, we secured a photograph likeness of the bishop, whose genial face we shall place among our favorites, and if he should visit Philadelphia one of these days, he shall have a cordial welcome to our West Spruce Street church Presbyterian pulpit.

In speaking of the interior of the cathedral, we forgot to mention one object of profound interest to the mind and heart of the lovers of the truth. In the year 1568, the seventh Huguenot General Assembly was held at La Rochelle, and so deep and general was the impression that Huguenot principles had made in France, that this Assembly met under letters-patent from Charles IX. Of that Assembly, Theodore Beza was Moderator. Present at that Assembly were Gaspard de Coligny, Prince Condé, Jean D'Albret, and many other notables of France. But one seat in that Assembly was vacant, the seat that awaited the coming of Odet Coligny, brother of the princely Admiral, and Cardinal though

he was, yet a devout and devoted Huguenot. The cardinal had taken leave of Queen Elizabeth, who treated him with marked distinction. He had reached Canterbury on his way to La Rochelle, when he was poisoned by his valet. And there before us, between two pillars, in “a plain tomb not unlike the shape of a turf grave, but higher, and composed of bricks plastered over,” lie the remains of Odet Coligny, “Bishop-elect of Beauvais and Cardinal Castilion,” yet a hearty favorer of the Reform, else there is reason to suspect he had not been poisoned. From pondering this tragedy we pass naturally to

THE CHURCH IN THE CRYPT.

We regarded it a very kindly providence that brought us to Canterbury, just in time to be present at the three hundred and thirty-fourth anniversary of the Huguenot Church, worshipping in the crypt of the cathedral. That little church is a curious and touching memorial of the days when to worship God in the simple style of New Testament times, and to sing Gospel psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, was deemed and treated as a capital crime. In imagination we can very fully depict to our thought the scenes that filled the highways, the valleys, and fields of France with wailing, fainting, sickness, and death, as tens and tens of thousands of men and women, with their little ones in their arms or clinging to their hands or to their skirts, fled from home and country, to take refuge among peoples of strange speech, but of kindred Christian sympathies. Little did France dream that in butchering and driving into exile these faithful confessors, she was destroying her own moral fibre, trampling her conscience to death, and unsealing many a vial of wrath and sorrow upon her own heart.

Even before the clouds broke in fury over France,

Dutch Huguenots had begun to make England their city of refuge. As early as 1549 John A. Laseo wrote to Edward VI.'s Secretary of State, predicting the coming storm in the Netherlands, and asking shelter for fugitives ; and in 1550, just three hundred and thirty-four years ago, by and with the advice of his Privy Council, Edward VI. gave to the Huguenots of Canterbury the whole of the crypt of Canterbury Cathedral as a place for their religious assemblies, schools, and other meetings, according to their custom, and from that day to this Huguenot worship has been held in this crypt. As the fierceness of persecution increased on the Continent, the number of fugitive Huguenots increased in Canterbury, until the number who sat at their communion-table, at the monthly administration of the sacrament, was two thousand.

“ Honest as a Huguenot,” was a proverb current for generations in France ; and that the Huguenot character did not suffer by transplantation to a new soil is certified by a curious document of the year 1676. It reads in part as follows : “ We whose names are subscribed, do humbly testify that the Walloon congregation in and about the city of Canterbury do live very peaceably and orderly, and are very laborious and industrious, whereby they not only maintain all their poor at their own charge, without permitting any of them to beg, but set many hundreds of the English poor on work, and are likewise of great help and benefit to the said city in bearing a great proportion of the public taxes,” etc. This document is signed by John Lott, Mayor ; Squire Bererton, Chamberlain, and fourteen others.

The spiritual fidelity of this people showed itself in a watchful discipline. They divided Canterbury into four districts, over each of which two elders and four deacons

were appointed. "These officers visited every family and working establishment in their quarter." The duty of the elders was to explain the Word of God, settle differences among the people, report to the pastor cases that needed his attention, and collect weekly contributions for the support of the ministry, while the deacons gave their attention to the poor ; and both elders and deacons saw to it that the people attended church, and that the children went to school on the week-days, and to the catechising on Sundays.

The crypt of the cathedral covers a very extensive area, broken at intervals by the massive pillars which, branching as they rise, form the support of the pile above. The portion now occupied by the Huguenot congregation consists of "the parts that lie beneath the south arm of the eastern transept." This space is separated by a wall from the rest of the crypt, is painted, furnished with pulpit and pews, and forms a comely and comfortable place of worship.

It was in this place of worship, hallowed by memories so sacred and so touching, consecrated by the worship of the Triune God in the name of Jesus Christ on more than seventeen thousand Sabbath days, that we took our seat on Sabbath afternoon, the 27th of July, 1884. The pews rapidly filled, and by and by all eyes were fixed upon a fine-looking man as he passed to his seat near the pulpit, clad in a scarlet robe, a very heavy gold chain about his neck, from which was suspended a heavy golden badge of office. This was the Mayor of Canterbury. Very soon our eyes were fixed upon another, in clerical attire, tall, graceful, with a scholarly face. This was the preacher of the occasion, the Rev. the Honorable Canon Fremantle. His voice was clear and pleasant, his enunciation very distinct, and the matter so satisfactory to

the pastor and elders, that I heard them saying that they must have a copy of it for publication. Among the portions that specially fixed our attention was that in which the Rev. Canon expressed his gratification at being able in the crypt of that Primate's Cathedral without offence to preach at a Presbyterian service. He recalled with evident pleasure the days when the Church of England was on terms of free interchange of services with the other great churches of the Reformation, carrying our minds back to the period when the exclusive validity of Episcopal ordination had yet to be discovered. He regretted *the loss to the Church of England* from her self-imposed isolation, and looked forward with hope to the time when this isolation would give place to fraternal intercourse. We are well acquainted with both respected laymen and beloved ministers in the Episcopal denomination in our own country who deeply sympathize with the Rev. Canon in these regrets and hopes. That Canon Fremantle is not alone in England in his views upon this subject, may be learned from the pregnant sentences of John Richard Green in his "Short History of the English People"—a very valuable vade-mecum for the intelligent tourist in England. Writing on pages 609–610, of the edition of 1884, of the expulsion, on St. Bartholomew's Day, 1662, of a fifth of the whole of the clergy of the land as Nonconformists, "men whose zeal and labor had diffused throughout the country a greater appearance of piety and religion than it had ever displayed before," he says: "It was the close of an effort which had been going on ever since Elizabeth's accession, to bring the English communion into closer relations with the reformed communions of the Continent, and into greater harmony with the instincts of the nation at large. The Church of England stood from that moment isolated and

alone among all the churches of the Christian world. The Reformation had severed it irretrievably from those which still clung to the obedience of the papacy. By its rejection of all but Episcopal orders, the Act of Uniformity severed it as irretrievably from the general body of the Protestant churches. And while thus cut off from all healthy religious communion with the world without, it sank into immobility within. With the expulsion of the Puritan clergy, all change, all efforts after reform, all national development, suddenly stopped. From that time to this the Episcopal Church has been unable to meet the varying spiritual needs of its adherents by any modification of its government or its worship. It stands alone among all the religious bodies of western Christendom in its failure through two hundred years to devise a single new service of prayer or of praise." This is the strong, honest language of one of the many ornaments of the Church of England.

At the close of the service, finding myself near the Rev. Canon, I could not help expressing to him my gratification. With great politeness he returned my salutation, and invited me to accompany him into the grounds about his residence, where on a shaded seat we talked of the Huguenots, the Belfast Council, in which he showed an intelligent interest, and of things in America. When in America, as a member of the Evangelical Alliance, Canon Fremantle had preached in Dr. Paxton's pulpit, and expressed gratification at learning of Dr. Paxton's election to the Princeton professorship.

This anniversary and interview added new ingredients to the cup of our exceedingly pleasant experiences at Canterbury.

HASTINGS.

A RAILWAY ride of seventy-five miles from London to the south and a little to the east brings one to the sea and to Hastings, now a favorite watering-place of England's sons and daughters.

The history of Hastings dates back to a very remote antiquity. It seems to have been a place of importance in the times of the Saxon heptarchy. In the reign of Athelstan, a hundred and forty years before the Norman conquest, a mint was established there, which remained till the time of William the Red.

The exposure of this part of the English coast to invasion from France and to the attacks of the sea-robbers of early times, led to the celebrated Cinque-Port arrangement, under which certain duties were imposed upon Hastings, Romney, Hythe, Dover, and Sandwich, in consideration of which they were invested with certain special privileges. These five cities were not only to defend the coast that lay along their front, but to furnish ships for a good part of the royal navy; and the story of their exploits fills a brilliant chapter in English history. Of these five cities Hastings contended with Dover for the primacy; for to this primacy certain special privileges were attached.

In reward for their vigilance and success in guarding the Channel, the Barons of the Five Ports enjoyed the privilege of sitting at the right hand of the king at the great coronation banquets in Westminster Hall, and afterward an additional and highly esteemed privilege was added. For many a reign the new-comer to the throne spent the few days previous to the coronation in the

Tower, and on the morning of the great day the Tower guns thundered, the great gates rolled open, and out from under the grim arches a procession issued, two abreast, glittering with gold and crimson, moving on through Cheapside, Fleet Street, and the Strand to Westminster. Anne Boleyn, dressed in robes of white tissue, her bright hair falling over her shoulders, her head encircled with a coronet of gold and diamonds, as she rode through the throngs of delighted on-lookers, saw Cornhill and Gracechurch Street draped with tapestry, Cheapside with gold and tissue and velvet. And all along, from the Tower to the Abbey, and also during the solemn anointing of the monarch there, it was the high privilege of the Barons of the Cinque Ports to hold the canopy over the royal person. And in this ceremony Hastings, as first among them, claimed precedence.

The object at Hastings that first strikes the attention of the stranger is the castle. There seems to be something specially fascinating in those gigantic piles of rock and masonry called castles. Their antiquity takes hold of the imagination, and in it we seem to hear a voice speaking to us out of the centuries so long gone by. As we sit among these ruins we seem to hear the soft tread of centuries as they glide like ghosts away. Nor is there wanting a certain pathos in their aspect of enfeebled, tottering age, wrinkled and palsied with the passage of so many generations. They whisper to us of our brethren according to the flesh who so long ago lived and loved and sinned and suffered, and performed, some of them, deeds of daring that enoble man, and tell of that in him that triumphs over time and death and lives on forever.

The hill on which the Castle of Hastings sat and where her ruins languish rises in fine, abrupt isolation

many hundreds of feet above the surrounding sea-level below.

From various points an extensive panorama meets the eye. To the eastward and westward the city recedes into the broad ravines, flows over the hills and down the other side. Hills in the distance show here a group of dwellings, there the walls of some institution of benevolence ; here an education hall, with great reaches of land under cultivation. Over the sea edge of the cliff you look down on the tops of fine ranges of houses with their backs close up against the rock. About the middle of the mound, at its foot, the cliff recedes into an amphitheatre, the lines of which the buildings closely follow in a range of edifices called the Pelham Crescent. In front of these is an ample roadway, alive with vehicles of various kinds, a line of terraces, parades, charming drives, two or three miles in extent, and at the western end blending with those of St. Leonard's. A broad walk and an ample beach presents to view on a summer evening vast numbers of people ; here children playing in the sand ; yonder, as we saw it, a troop of Salvation Army waving its banners and filling the air with songs, and here and there halting to preach to the listening crowd. A little to the right a wide pier thrusts itself nine hundred feet into the sea, supporting at its extremity a large pavilion, where, for a few pence apiece, two thousand people may drink in the ocean breezes, and at the same time sip a variety of beverages, according to the taste of thirsty lips. The sea before you for many a mile is dotted with vessels at anchor or in motion under the pressure of wind or steam. From these watch-towers, now in ruins, the sentinel has seen in years gone by many a fleet of pirate ships under the command of those terrible Vikings, with their dragon banners flap-

ping in the wind, seeking a place to land and ravage. From this spot the soldiers of Harold saw the fleet of William the Norman sweep by to land at Pevensey, not far away to the west. And past this cliff another William, in 1688, conducted his fleet toward Torbay, while James the Second trembled at Whitehall and watched the weather-vane for signs of a wind that might impede the passage of his enemy and England's friends.

The castle must have been as nearly impregnable as castle could well be ; for its sea side was a sheer precipice accessible only to eagles' wings. Its other sides were girdled with a ditch one hundred feet wide and sixty feet deep, and inside of this a wall eight feet thick. An acre and a half of surface is covered with the ruins. Within this inclosure tonsured monks went in procession and said their prayers ; the clang of spear-shield and mailed foot was heard, and here Adela, daughter of William the Norman, presided as queen of love at the first tournament that graced English soil. The old castle, or what remains of it, is now a pleasure garden, with here a grassy nook very convenient for private conversation on the part of young people ; there a recess in the walls invites you to refreshments ; here a patch of flowers ; yonder a low, narrow door, in a towering mass of wall, in which you find a narrow stone stairway, up which you may look, but up which, if you are venturesome enough to go, you may meet the fate of Abimelech, on whom a stone fell, and "all to brake his head ;" here a fine old arch, ivy-mantled, which, however, has long since forgotten what it was built to support. It is a fine, lone, desolate spot, in which to listen to the ghosts of the centuries as they whisper to one another of the memories of their youthful days.

BREDE.

LOOKING over the map of Hastings and vicinity, we noticed the name of the river Brede and of the town of Brede, some miles away, and, struck with the familiar sound, we concluded to visit said town on a tour of antiquarian exploration. One bright, beautiful morning we bargained with the jehu of a wagonette and set out. Our course lay through a beautiful English landscape, fields where the wheat in really golden hues stood in sheaves waiting to be housed ; here and there a hooded hop-kiln ; patches of trees, heavy with bright, green foliage ; and all the way, on each side of the road, the hawthorn hedge. The nose of our driver reflecting, both in hue and other abnormalities, the familiar ale-cup, naturally introduced the subject of abstinence and prohibition, but we soon found that we had unsealed a fountain of indignant virtue.

"Yes, it's hall well enough for them as can stay in' th' 'ouse wen it rains and snows and blows, and can keep their beds of a mornin' till they likes to get hup, and go to bed wen they likes, to talk of not drinking a sup o' hale once in a while ; but let 'em 'ave to get hup afore light and sit on the box till ten o'clock at night, and 'ave the rheumatiz and the neuralgic and wat not, and then they'd know summut about it. Now, my father, he's retired. He's an old man, he is. He druv for fifty year, and he never drunk more'n a pint o' hale a day all his life. And the doctor tells me, says he : 'Drink your hale or beer or summit o' the sort to keep off the neuralgic,' and I'm going to do it. I couldn't live without it." I found that there was no reasoning

against facts, experience, and medical advice combined.

When we put up at Brede for an hour to "bait the 'oss," my good friend took his seat on a bench, with some crackers on one side and his mug on the other, and refreshed so effectually that on the return he soon dismissed the landscape and the horses from his view, closed his eyes, and spent an hour or so in profound meditation, I suppose, on the folly of the total abstainers. The horses knew the way, and he let them have it. He did not nod, but sat bolt upright, as if the "hale," which had soothed and comforted him, had in its progress stomachward become an iron rod.

After a drive of seven miles or so, we approached a long, steep ascent, showing for miles on each hand a fine spread of farms divided by hedge-rows, some of the fields green as emerald, some yellow as gold, some waving with orchards or with parks of trees, and our driver remarked, "That's Brede 'Ill," and by the time we had reached the top of the ascent the horses were wet with sweat and quite willing to rest. At the entrance to the town was Brede Church, a massive and very venerable edifice, and so old that the inscriptions on the tombstones, in many instances, were eaten into utter illegibility. The edifice looked as if it was left pretty much to itself. The village consisted of some twenty or thirty houses that must have been built since the flood or else they would have been washed away. They were generally a story and a half high, some of them thatched with straw, some of them roofed with tiles, and many of them with straw in part and tiles in part. The town was evidently inhabited, for we saw a man shoeing a horse, and some chickens running about, and a cat or two purring quietly in an open door; but few other

signs of life were visible. A sleepier old fossil of a place we had never seen. It struck us that if the slumbers of the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus had been disturbed, this town would have been a good place for them to finish their nap in. Our hope was to find some person of education to aid us in our quest. We, therefore, asked for a lawyer, and you should have seen the look of surprise the question evoked. A lawyer! They seemed never to have heard of the species. The people evidently lived in a state of Edenic innocence. We then told the driver to move on to the house of the rector. Unfortunately, the rector was not well, and we could not see him. We learned afterward that the "living" had been recently sold, and that, as we drove up in our splendid equipage, we were suspected as the happy purchaser, impatient to take a look at his property. We were informed, however, that in all probability the curate could aid us in our researches, and driving to his house we found him in a neat cottage at the end of the village. It was by no means early in the day, and yet we fear that we disturbed his slumbers, for it was long ere he presented himself. He had probably been out most of the night ministering to some sick or dying parishioner. But when he appeared he received us with all politeness, and cheerfully furnished us with all the information in his possession, which, unfortunately, was none at all. He knew nothing of any records, secular or ecclesiastical, historical or traditional. So far as we could learn, the town never had any origin, but just growed, like Topsy, and surely it was topsy-turvey enough to justify the suspicion of such an origin. From the curate's we drove a couple of miles to Brede Hall, a fine old mansion, built, says the guide-book, by the Alteforde family in the time of Edward III. But here our information

was limited to one extraordinary fact. In the early days of its existence the hall was inhabited by a giant, who breakfasted and dined on grown people, and took babies for his supper. The inhabitants of Brede found this fellow and his habits inconvenient, and were long at their wits' end to devise means for his abatement. At last they succeeded in alluring him to a whiskey barrel, from which he drank so freely that a deep sleep fell upon him, during which the people came together and sawed him in two, after which he gave them no more trouble. The place of this sanguinary performance was "Groaning Bridge, in Stubbs's Lane," and this was the only historical fact we secured respecting the town of Brede.

BATTLE ABBEY.

THE event that did most to immortalize the city of Hastings was the great battle that made England the England it has become within the last thousand years. One bright day at the close of September, 1066, the sentinels of Harold from their watch-tower in the Castle of Hastings saw the fleet of William sweep by toward Pevensy, where he disembarked his army. As he leaped ashore a fearful omen threw a chill over his hosts ; his foot slipped, and after a variety of gymnastic efforts to recover self-possession, he fell flat on the ground with both hands sprawling. Seeing this, the soldiers shuddered, and concluded that even the blessing of the Pope could hardly bear up against such an omen. But William was quite equal to the occasion. Leaping to his feet, with

both hands full of sand, he exclaimed : “ Thus I take possession of England ! ” A shout from the army showed that the chill of apprehension had given place to a fever of enthusiasm. The next day Hastings saw the great host come on, William on his war-horse in the lead, the banner blessed by the Pope, the proprietor of the world, waving over him ; fifty thousand knights and ten thousand soldiers of lower rank following ; the chivalry of Europe eager to save their souls by fighting for His Holiness. On they came, and Hastings, chief of the Cinque Ports by reason of her valor in defending England from invasion, this time opened her gates to the invader.

Seven miles out from Hastings a well insulated peninsula, jutting southward into a valley that sinks before it on three sides, furnished an almost impregnable position for the army of Harold. At the bottom of the peninsula ran a little stream, and on the heights beyond the banners of the Normans filled the air.

Between the armies as they frowned upon one another across the ravine, stood two pillars of cloud, both of them dark on the side of Harold, and bright on the side of William. One was the banner blessed by the Pope, the sign and seal of his bestowal upon William of England and all it contained. In those days the Pope wore an ample robe, full of pockets, and the pockets full of cardinalates, bishoprics, deaneries, kingdoms, provinces, and to the hosts of promising applicants he said : “ All these will I give to those who fall down and worship me.”

One day he took Ireland out of his pocket and gave it to Henry II. One day he took England away from King John, and only gave it back to him on condition that he pay a large annual tribute. Now, he had given

England to William, and many an English warrior that day went into battle with the chill of the Pope's ban in his bones. Another cloud threw light upon the Normans and darkness into the Saxon camp. This was an oath William had extorted from Harold while he had him in his power in Normandy. William had scourged the country far and wide for holy reliques, bones and skulls of saints, locks of hair and finger-nails, finger-joints and toe-joints, and what-not of holy martyrs. These he put in a chest, and on the chest a cloth of gold, and on the cloth a prayer-book—the Bible was not sacred enough for his dread purpose—and on the book Harold, ignorant of the holy horrors beneath, had sworn to aid in conveying the realm to William when Edward should be called away. And now that oath on those holy reliques stood between the two armies, a star of hope to the invading Normans, and a dread anathema to the patriot defenders of home and fireside.

Saturday, the 14th of October, came, and with it the battle. In front of the Normans rode the Minstrel Taillefer on a swift horse, singing the lay of Charlemagne, of Roland the Brave, and of the peers that died at Roncesvalles, throwing up his sword and catching it as it came down, when an Englishman met him, grappled with him in deadly fight, and in a few moments Taillefer lay dead on the field; and such a shout of triumph went up from the English hosts as frightened the birds from the scene. Now followed

“Battle's magnificently stern array !

The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which, when rent,

The earth is covered thick with other clay,

Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,

Rider and horse, friend and foe, in one red burial blent !”

Three horses had fallen under the duke. An arrow

struck Harold in the eye, but he pulled it out and fought on. A blow on his helmet felled him to the ground, and as he attempted to rise a stroke from the sword of a knight cut his thigh through to the bone, and he lay dead beneath a heap of his faithful soldiery. On the spot where the Dragon Banner of the Saxons went down rose the High Altar of Battle Abbey.

The Sabbath dawned upon the scene of blood and death, and women came in troops, the noble of the land, to seek the bodies of husband and son for burial. On this very spot Battle Abbey was built to commemorate the victory—Battle Abbey, with its great gateway, towers, ranges of now toppling wall, dormitory, refectory, court-house, cloister, crypt and what-not. Determined that this monument should be every way worthy of the event it commemorated, William secured for it every privilege an abbey could possess. Not only was the abbot sole sovereign within its bounds ; not only was every fugitive from justice free the moment he set foot within those precincts ; but the abbot, if anywhere in the kingdom he came upon a culprit, no matter if the rope were already round his neck, by one word could set the prisoner free !

One cannot read this story of the Abbot of Battle Abbey without thinking of another and greater, coming with dyed garments from Bozrah, travelling in the greatness of His strength, who, if a penitent sinner find Him anywhere in the wide, wide world, can, by one word from His divine lips, put into the freedman's mouth the shout, “ There is now therefore no condemnation.”

THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

THE Isle of Wight is not large ; it is literally just “the size of a piece of chalk.” For we believe it is simply a mass of chalk. In shape it is a sort of buckler, with numerous steep-sided downs for bosses.

These downs, by which we mean heights, abound in nodules of flint larger and smaller, which are utilized as building-stones, and anything more apparently time-defying than this material can hardly be imagined. The walls of many fine buildings in England consist of stone that crumbles steadily and visibly. For example, the slender shafts in the cloister-walls of Westminster Abbey are many of them eaten almost through, and the corbels that once smiled as winged, chubby baby-heads, or leered with fantastic gargoyle contortions, are so literally *defaced*, that nothing is left but a smooth, featureless knob, which the imagination may shape for itself *ad libitum*. A curious instance of this defacement and imaginative reconstruction is seen in the present symbol of the Inner Temple, London. The original symbol of the Knights of St. John, whose premises these Templars of the law now occupy, was a horse with two men astride, to indicate the poverty of those holy men. But Time with his merciless mallet so mauled the two men in the stone effigy, that a sharp-sighted antiquarian, wishing to reproduce the well-nigh vanished figures, being himself a little flighty perhaps, mistook the men for wings, and cut the Pegasus, which has since been and is now the coat-of-arms of these Templars of the Bar. Thus while the two men on the Templars’ nag metaphorically “took to themselves wings” and flew away, they literally be-

came wings to quieten the gait of their equine bearer. This, however, is slightly digressive, and we return to our subject, simply to add that to all appearances, if Old Time should try his teeth on the silica cobble-stones of these downs, he would find himself biting a file.

A series of these chalky downs form a kind of humpy backbone, extending east and west through the centre of the island. The sides of these eminences are, in the summer, at least, well flecked with white sheep and black crows, the latter style of bird being much the more numerous. As you drive along, the sheep look up for a moment, and then resume their meditative nibbling, and the crows rise in a black cloud, soon again to resume their watchful attendance upon the sheep, accompanied also by other birds, which sometimes for variety of locomotion, instead of flying or walking, make a “‘bus’ of some patient sheep, and ride free of charge upon his back.

Traces of our amiable and gentle ancestors, the Druids, with their white-clad priests and silver knife, in quest of mistletoe, survive in this island, and also of the Romans, and of the Saxons, and of the Danes. Some Roman gentleman who had somehow acquired a fortune, came to this isle to spend it, and erected near Brading a villa, and dropped some of his coin, which have been recovered, encased in a frame, and are now, in return for English sixpences, shown to visitors, with other relics of the same. The house was burned, and the iron hinges of the doors so softened by the heat that they were welded at the joint. By these hinges we see that at the time of the fire the door of one room was about one third of the way open, the hinges being welded in that position, and the door of another room was shut, as the welded hinges show. Curious mute tell-tales these iron hinges of

scenes of wild confusion in a human abode so many centuries ago ; the alarm, the shriek, the flight, and the desolated home ! There, too, in the centre of the island is Carisbrooke Castle, in its royal position on a high, steep-sided mound some two hundred and forty feet above the level of the sea, the prison of King Charles while pressed by the forces of the Parliament.

BONCHURCH.

We have often thought that if the doctrine of transmigration of souls were true, we should try so to live as not to be sent into an omnibus horse ; and after a day or so at Bonchurch, we added “and of all omnibus horses, not one of Bonchurch ;” for his up-hill drags strain every muscle to the last degree, and his down-hill hold-backs do the same, and he is always tugging up hills that are only not perpendicular, or propping his legs to keep the “bus” from running him down the descent. But a conversation with an experienced and intelligent driver changed all our ideas on the subject. “For, ye see, the ‘oss is allus a-goin’ hup the ’ill or down the ’ill, so ‘e cahn’t do nothink but walk. Well, w’en ‘e’s a-goin’ hup, ‘is museles is strained one way ; an’ w’en ‘e’s a-goin’ down, they is strained the hother way. An’ this keeps ‘em heven, you see. So w’ile the London ‘osses gives out in two y’ahs, the Bonchurch ‘osses lasts ten y’ahs or fifteen y’ahs. Now this ‘oss as I’m a-drivin’ hon—w’y, ‘e’s been a-goin’ now thirteen y’ahs come next Hangust.” So we have rescinded our exception to —though we do not quite pine to become—a Bonchurch “bus” horse.

Bonchurch occupies a portion of “Undercliff.” It seems that many years ago a strip of land some seven miles long, and from a quarter of a mile to a mile wide,

lying along the extreme south-eastern shore of the Isle of Wight, sank down some hundreds of feet, leaving behind it a sheer cliff, and behind that chalk-hills seven hundred or eight hundred feet high. These hills are called "downs." Why such lofty heights are called *downs* is explained by the fact that "downs" is a corruption of "dunes," which means sand-hills. In the descent of this tract of land there was anything but unanimity among the various sections. Some portions went very far down, and some not so far. Here and there a vast mass of rock refused to accompany the neighboring earth, and still stands in majestic isolation, bristling now with shrubbery and waving with ivy. The result was a surface about as varied as one can imagine. By and by the Celt came (if he were not there already), and the Saxon, the Dane, the Norman, and their children. One of them finding a terrace far up, and big enough, built a beautiful villa, surrounding it with high walls to keep the children from falling off, which walls the eager ivy imbedded with its luxuriance, and among the ivy, wild flowers built their bright nests. This process was repeated on a terrace lower down, and this by others east, west, north, and south. Then these walls were connected, and streets were evolved--streets winding in short distances to every point of the compass--streets made up almost exclusively of those sharp ascents and almost precipitous descents so favorable to the health, comfort, and longevity of omnibus horses.

This portion of the island is called the "Madeira of England." Its climate is mild and balmy. The sea in the summer calm, both in its hue and in the bluish haze that hangs over it, constantly reminds one of the Bay of Naples, and the vegetation is simply imperial in richness and variety. No winter frosts kill, no summer heats

consume, no droughts exhaust. Nourished with moisture, nurtured with perpetual mildness of temperature, vegetation finds here another Paradise. Yesterday I saw a rose geranium trained against a wall and full fourteen feet high, and all aglow with flowers, and a fuchsia bush full ten feet high. In the summer the hedges are alive with wild flowers, and more than fifty species of garden flowers have been counted in bloom in December. The high walls that hem in the grounds and form the sides of the streets are not only mantled, but deluged with ivy. Ivy grows along the ground, climbs the trees, flows over the walls, and hangs down in luxuriant curtains often a foot deep on the top of the wall. Frequently as you pass along a street your head is on a level with chimney-tops on one side, while it is below the surface of a garden on the other. You are all the time running into surprises. Surrounded with profuse vegetation, ivy-hung trees, and walls buried in green, you feel as if you were in a lonely wilderness. In a few moments an opening in the wall shows you a carriage road, as usual between two high massive walls. Following it, you are amazed to find yourself on a spacious plateau and in a fairy scene of grounds sparkling with flowers and under most tasteful cultivation, and in the midst of all a beautiful mansion. Early one evening we passed through a gate under an arch, or rather through a tunnel of massive masonry. It looked as if we might be making our way into a dungeon. At the other end, however, we emerged into a wide and lovely expanse of lawn, grove, and garden ; here a large circle inclosed with a wire screen, the screen wreathed with flowering plants ; there a high wall lined with wall-fruit—peaches, apricots, apples, and pears ; here a path disappears in a bower of branches interlacing overhead, and at the other end leading you out

on the edge of the cliff above the sea ; and in the midst of all a mansion, with greenhouse full of fine tropical plants, and festoons of delicate vines hanging from the ceiling. To-day, seeing a narrow gateway in the street wall, I entered, ascended ninety-nine stone steps, and found myself in a lane, walled of course on each side, floored with asphalt, and openings on each hand, here into a garden behind a house, and there into a flower-clad yard in front of another: We have since learned that the stairway of stone is "Jacob's Ladder," and the narrow lane at the top is "Balaam's Path." The floor of the room we occupy is higher than the top of new Bonchurch steeple, scarce a stone's throw distant from us. On the other side of new Bonchurch, and very near at hand, is old Bonchurch, whose roof is a good way below the foundations of the former. For rambling or rest, for luxuriant beauty of grove and garden, for sheer precipice and superlative richness of landscape, and sea-view from terrae and hill-crest, we have so far seen nothing equal to Bonchurch.

ELIZABETH AND LITTLE JANE.

Who could spend a week or two, even at Bonchurch, and not take a tour of eight or ten hours in tallyho or wagonette ? On one of the most delightful of days in this most delightful climate, a pleasant breeze blowing, the landscape lovingly umbrellaed by smiling clouds that took turns in the task of keeping the direct sunbeams from our faces, we took a circuit of twenty miles or more, setting out eastward and returning southward. Soon we were riding along the edge of perpendicular cliffs hundreds of feet high, that with their white, semi-circular sweep, form the northern and western edge of the lovely Sandown Bay. It is very lovely just now,

bnt on a Sunday in March six years ago a wild wail went across those waters into the ears of horror-stricken people on the shore. A ship, Her Majesty's training-ship *Eurydice*, just home from the West Indies, was caught in a squall, capsized, and went down, carrying to death more than three hundred men and boys. Two only of the crew were saved. The shores are lined with seaside resorts, and the beach alive with promenaders, and bare-legged children shouting and revelling in the mellow air.

And now we come to one of a considerable number of "chines" or chinks; that is, juvenile cañons, with which the precipitous coast of the isle is split. This one is "Luccombe" Chine, a deep, dark, moist, mossy, perpendicular-sided ravine abounding with ferns, and shrubbery clinging to the side, well-worn stairways letting you down and then up, the whole chine cut out of the chalky soil by the patient action of a not very stalwart stream, which is still working away as if the morning of its life was nowhere near the meridian.

On we move to Brading, to see, not the old stocks which are carefully preserved, in which in other days the good people fastened the ankles of folks to make them walk straight, nor the whipping-post, to which they chained men to "correet" them, not the old church built in far-back centuries, with its superannuated doorway and its painted wooden effigies of "the Oglanders," but to see the memorials of a poor peasant girl. We had stood with bared head in the cold by the magnificent mausoleum of the Duke of Wellington, in St. Paul's, London, and in Canterbury by the splendid monument of the Black Prince, and in Westminster Abbey, where poets, statesmen and orators stand in marble on every side; but to-day in spirit we bare both head and feet

beside the grave of a Christian child, and before a tomb-stone on which we read :

Sacred
to the Memory of
LITTLE JANE,
who died 30th Jan'y, 1799,
in the 13th year of her age.

Ye who the power of God delight to trace,
And mark with joy each monument of grace,
Tread lightly o'er this grave as ye explore
The short and simple annals of the poor.
A child reposes underneath this sod ;
A child to memory dear, and dear to God.
Rejoice ! Yet shed the sympathetic tear ;
“Jane,” the YOUNG COTTAGER, lies buried here.

Who has not read Legh Richmond's exquisite narrative of the “Young Cottager”? If any who read these lines have not, let them secure a dozen copies of the tract, and keep one for perusal, and give the others to any who in the profusion of contemporary literature have been so unfortunate as to have missed these precious pages.

From the churchyard we made our way to the cottage. We have visited Windsor Castle, and gone through its painted halls without half the interest we felt as we entered the wicket gate of this cottage, walked the short flower-lined path, went in under the overhanging straw roof-thatch, beneath the arched bower of honeysuckle into the one room on the lower floor, with its large stone fireplace, up the narrow, winding stairs into the little chamber, with the little shelf three inches wide and three feet long projecting from the huge old chimney jamb, on which Little Jane kept her Bible and her medicines. From this spot in this room Legh Richmond looked upon that picture well worthy of the pencil of some

Christian artist ; the pale child lying in a semi-slumber brought on by exhaustion, her thin finger on the words in her open Testament, "Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom." Questioning whether this might not be accidental, he waited till the child, partially aroused, said in a feeble whisper, "Lord, remember me—remember me—remember a poor child—Lord, remember me," then starting up, her pale cheek flushed as her eye caught sight of her faithful pastor.

The present occupant of the cottage, a woman bent with age, seemed to take an affectionate interest in everything that pertained to the Christian child that went to heaven from those humble precincts more than eighty years ago. A constant stream of Christian people enters the door of that humble cottage. "A gentleman came here this morning," said the aged woman, "and he looked about a while, and then just here where little Jane's bed stood he made a beautiful prayer."

From the cottage of Little Jane we drove up the steep, chalky down, every few yards opening fresh beauties to our view, until from the crest of Ashey Down one of the loveliest views on the isle lay before us. A valley some six miles wide, walled in toward the south by other downs, miles and miles of steep hill-side, carpeted with a very short, thick, chalky-green turf, flocks of sheep, herds of cattle, crows innumerable, fields of every hue bounded by hedgerows, in which wild flowers were sparkling, little villages with church-spires shooting up from out a grove, clumps of heavily foliated trees—the perfection of a summer landscape. Further on, Ryde came into view to the north-east, and Spithead, with war vessels at anchor and peace vessels in motion, and Portsmouth, and nearer by the Cowes, East and West, and the towers of Osborne, just now populous

with royalty—the Queen with children and grand-children, the Crown Prince of Prussia with his family, and many more. But through all this glory of land and water, our eyes were constantly questioning the landscape for the cottage where the young queen unto God, the dairyman's daughter, lived and died some eighty years ago. At length, down in the valley to the south, a cluster of house-tops among the trees indicated the spot where Arreton nestles, and the top of a square stone tower proclaimed the whereabouts of the churchyard where the dust of the Christian maid lies slumbering. The church was built three hundred and fifty-one years before Columbus set foot on the shores of America. The pew inclosures are so high, that only the foreheads of the taller ones of the congregation could be seen by the preacher, and so well worn were they by friction with time and with the backs of the occupants, that not only can you *see* through them in many places, but put your finger through them. The sexton, though not quite as old as the church, is one of the jolliest old ruins we have come across. The blood of five hundred years of sextonship runs in his veins, and he has filled this distinguished office so long, that he must before many years pass give place to a successor. He recites with rushing volubility, and to his own intense satisfaction, the quaint, half-defaced inscriptions on the tombstones, but in a peasant patois rather more illegible than the inscription itself. One of these is written thus :

Here is ye buried under this grave
Harry Hawks, his sonle God save,
Long tyme steward of the Yle of Wyght.
Have m'ey on hym, God ful of myght.

But these were not the epitaphs we came to read, but this :

To
the Memory of
ELIZABETH WALLBRIDGE,
The Dairyman's Daughter,
Aged 31 years.
“ She being dead, yet speaketh.”

Stranger, if e'er by chance or feeling led,
Upon this hallowed turf thy footsteps tread,
Turn from the contemplation of the sod,
And think on her whose spirit rests with God.
Lowly her lot on earth, but He who bore
Tidings of grace and blessing to the poor
Gave her—His truth and faithfulness to prove—
The choicest treasures of His boundless love :
Faith, that dispelled afflictions darkest gloom ;
Hope, that could cheer the passage to the tomb :
Peace, that not hell's dark legions could destroy ;
And Love, that filled the soul with heavenly joy.
Death of its sting disarmed, she knew no fear,
But tasted heaven e'en while she lingered here.
O happy saint ! may we, like thee, be blest—
In life be faithful, and in death find rest !

For many generations the Canterbury Pilgrims went, singly or in larger or smaller companies, to the shrine of Becket, to see the spot where so many Roman Catholic “miracles” were effected, and to put in their spiritual purses some gold grains of religious merit. But such pilgrimages came to an end long ago. For a generation or two the tourists to lovely Grasmere have been impelled thither, in part at least, by an instinctive respect for the genius of Wordsworth, whose mortal remains lie there in unadorned sepulture. And it is to the credit of the Christian heart that the tenderest sentiments of piety and respect, eighty years after their burial, should continue to impel a steady train of pilgrims from every part of the Christian world to the homes and the graves of these two poor, pious peasant maids. It is a little sur-

prising that some Christian association, or some company of Christian ladies, or some person of piety and wealth, has not purchased these cottages, that they might be kept forever as memorials at once of Legh Richmond's pastoral fidelity and as illustrations of

"The short and simple annals of the poor."

SARUM OLD AND NEW.

Few readers of English history are not familiar at least with the name of "Old Sarum." Before the passage of the first great Parliamentary Reform bill, Old Sarum, two miles or so from New Sarum, *alias* Salisbury, formed one of the "pocket" constituencies in which at last six voters sent two members to Parliament! We are left to imagine the excitement of one of those elections in Old Sarum. What mass meetings, what torch-light processions of those six voters! What golden orations were addressed to the reason and conscience of that noble array of electors by the political Chrysostoms of the day! How rich the honor of sitting in Parliament as representatives of Old Sarum! But let us first pay our respects to the

WHITE HART,

from beneath whose spreading antlers we set out on our visit to Old Sarum. There he stood, "as large as life and twice as natural," on the roof-ridge of the imposing portico of our hotel in Salisbury. That same white hart is a curious instance of the impression upon even a nation things apparently very trivial may make. Dur-

ing the reign of Richard II. a white stag was caught, so it was said, in Windsor Forest, with a collar on its neck bearing the inscription, “*Nemo me tangat; Caesaris sum*”—“Touch me not ; I belong to the king.” At a tournament some time after, a badge bearing a white hart as a device was given to the contestants from the mother of King Richard ; and as the red rose, from a stock brought originally from Palestine, became the badge of Henry IV., who secured the deposition and probably the assassination of Richard, and usurped his crown, so the white hart became the badge of Richard II. and his adherents in all parts of the realm. It appeared on banners, badges, pictures, and tavern signs ; and with such tenacity did his adherents cling to this symbol, that Henry had vastly more difficulty in suppressing it than he had in suppressing the king. It has recently been found painted in a church at Epworth, and it also appears in colossal size in Westminster Abbey on the screen between the Muniment Room and the southern triforium of the nave. Under the shadow of the “white hart” at the well-known and popular hotel of this name in Salisbury, we spent some very pleasant hours. Thence we drove to

OLD SARUM.

Conceive an isolated circular mound more than three hundred feet high, in a wide level plain, the base of the mound covering an area of seventy-five acres. On the top of the mound sits a great castle with banners flying over its battlements. Nestling under the walls of the castle is a great cathedral two hundred and seventy feet long, with transept one hundred and fifty feet in length, and the whole shut in with an ample close. Cathedral, close, and castle are alive with a population

ecclesiastical, military, and social. Radiating from the castle are the streets of a small but populous city—the whole, city and castle, shut in from the plain by walls twelve feet thick at the base, and on each side of this wall a very wide, deep ditch, filled with water. This is Old Sarum in its prime ; that is, nearly three hundred years before America was discovered. To-day mound and ditch, cathedral and castle site are mantled with turf, and tenanted by nibbling sheep, and trampled over by curious travellers.

Standing on the crest of the *outer* rim of this great mound, with the remains of the ancient wall buried deep under the dust of ages, beneath the feet, you look with some feeling of dizziness into the steep-sided ditch on each hand. Much more is this the case when you look from the crest of the *inner* mound into the vast fosse or ditch that yawns at its base.

The visitor climbs the inner acclivity and enters the basin once partially filled by the castle, between two great, shaggy towers of masonry, composed of flint stones compacted together as tenaciously as if flint had been welded to flint. Obviously these jagged masses of masonry are the remains of the huge portal of ages ago, over whose threshold kings and queens have passed, under whose lintel soldiers marched before Columbus was born. In at that gate Alfred the Great has gone, and William the Norman, and Henry I. Around it savage war has raged, and rivers of blood have flowed. Those old walls heard sonorous Latin sentences roll from the lips of Roman soldiers, and felt their ears tingle with the oaths and curses, the shriek and groan, of Briton, Saxon, and Dane.

As we looked on those defiant masses of flint, the spirit of the desolating Dane or the marauding Vandal

came upon us, and we resolved to help on the work of destruction by detaching a specimen of the masonry, and conveying it to America. We have one of Cleopatra's Needles, and why not one of those flint-stones—perhaps one that some juvenile Briton of old threw from behind a bush at a passing Roman soldier? With a heavy stone in one hand, we attacked the pile, and at once made a deep, painful, and somewhat lasting impression—not exactly on the work of those doughty masons of the olden time, but on a finger which somehow got between the colliding flints, and for the thousandth time blood flowed on the heights of Old Sarum. But now the assailant's blood was up, and the upshot was a prize that came safely across the sea, and unscathed through the Custom House; for our Government imposes no duty on ruins, as we have none at home to "protect." Aware of this, we proposed to our good friend, Mr. Hall, of Canterbury, to contract for one of those ivied arches, to be set up again, stone for stone, in Fairmount Park. I fear, from the countenance of my friend, that he detected a tinge of sacrilege in the very thought. He replied with a solemn tone, "Wouldn't you like to take also the coffin and monument of the Black Prince?" This we declined, as we were not sure that we had not on our shores a goodly supply of black princes, who were yet alive, and destined to grand work in the world, and one such prince is worth a score or two of the sort they have in the Canterbury Cathedral.

What Christian is not familiar with the "Shepherd of Salisbury Plain"? And from the heights of Old Sarum, Salisbury Plain lies before the eye in all its breadth and beauty. In one direction Salisbury nestles around the beautiful cathedral, the successor and heir of the once towering Cathedral of Old Sarum, with its spire more

than four hundred feet high, rich in decoration and faultless in proportion. In the other directions the blue sky, flecked with glorious white clouds, curves down and forms the horizon ten or fifteen miles away. The whole included circle is spread with a carpet of a many-hued pattern—pastures, grain-fields, ripe wheat awaiting the sickle, sheepfolds, and flocks under watch and ward of the gentle, intelligent shepherd-dog. The picture photographs itself upon the mind in deathless colors and lines, lights and shades.

Old Sarum, as a ruin, possesses peculiar interest in the fact that the ruin is so complete. No massive donjon-keep, no ranges of towering wall, as at Raglan Castle, lift themselves in resolute protest against the fatal decree of destruction. Not even ivy-clad reliques of past greatness, as at the castles of Hastings and Chepstow, survive. The overthrow is complete and confessed. Like one of those bronze knights under the Norman dome of the Temple Church, London, as in many another church and abbey, clad in mail, eyes closed, arms folded, and one leg thrown over the other, Old Sarum lies in final repose beneath the accumulated dust of ages, and lovingly wrapped in nature's green, flower-flecked coverlet. Could the one so long buried find voice to speak out of its sepulchre, it would tell of stirring scenes around that centre while Titus was beating down the walls of Jerusalem with his resistless battering-rams—tell how the son of Cedric the Saxon, more than thirteen hundred years ago, hung his victorious banners from its battlements ; how, more than nine hundred years ago, under King Edgar, a Saxon Witenagemot sat in its halls ; how eight hundred and eighty years ago, the father of Canute the Dane desolated the town, though the castle defied his wrath and power. Nor would the voice have finished its

varied and thrilling tale till many an exciting volume had been filled.

In 1076 William the Conqueror assembled here all the great ones of the realm to do homage to him, and submit their lands to the yoke of military tenure. In 1126 Henry I., now growing old, gathered the prelates and barons of the land at Old Sarum to swear allegiance to his son William. Alas ! that son William was destined to a watery shroud before he felt the purple hanging from his shoulders. Four years after this scene at Sarum, Henry, with his son and court, were in Normandy. They embarked for England. The ship which bore the king and his party was in the advance. Following the royal ship was the White Ship, bringing Prince William and his companions. Nothing could exceed the hilarious gayety of the embarkation ; banners fluttered in the air, and music filled the ear of the giddy throng. But suddenly a fearful chorus of shrieks broke from deck and cabin of the ill-fated White Ship. She had run upon a rock. Rapidly filling, she went down with all on board ! Two days after, a breathless messenger broke the fearful tidings to the king. The shock brought him insensible to the ground, and from that hour no one ever saw a smile upon the face of King Henry I.

But strong as were the walls of Old Sarum, and brilliant as had been its career, the hour of its doom arrived. Chronic internal dissensions between the military and the ecclesiastics, at last induced the bishop to order the removal of the cathedral. In 1220 the erection of the present cathedral at Salisbury was begun, and in 1225 the new edifice was ready for consecration ; and now began the decay of Old Sarum, a decay which went on till sheep and cows were the only occupants of the spot where Celt had dwelt, the Roman had pitched his tent,

the Saxon had waved his dragon gonfalon, and the Norman had assembled his retainers ; where kings had held court, ladies danced, and courtiers revelled.

The cathedral at Salisbury may be said to be the euenotaph of Old Sarum, and a beautiful euenotaph it is. Its magnitude, its fine transepts, the larger eastern one and the smaller western one seemingly growing out of rather than built into the body of the edifice ; the tower and spire fortified with buttress and clusters of flying buttresses ; and within, that sweep of great clustered pillars separating nave and aisle and supporting triforium and clerestory, and that exceedingly beautiful screen, not as the one in Westminster Abbey, a massive obstruction to the view and destroyer of the impressiveness of the vast interior, but wrought of open-work in the highest style of mechanic art, and allowing the eye free range from one end of the nave to the other ; all together make it richly worthy the encomium of Dean Stanley, who pronounced it “all glorious without,” and he might safely have added “and richly glorious within.”

Then there is the curious and beautiful chapter house, “in which,” gravely added the verger, “Cromwell stabled his horses.” The dimensions of the cavalry arm of Cromwell’s army are strangely ignored by the historians. It must have comprised at least one hundred thousand horses and men. It enhances our estimate of Cromwell’s greatness to find that, in addition to all his other duties, he could take care of so many horses. There is scarcely a regulation verger in England who will not assure you that Cromwell stabled his horses in some part of abbey or cathedral. Indeed, according to these gentlemen, most of the cathedral and abbey ruin in the kingdom was due to Cromwell. It is strange that the intelligent authorities in these edifices do not put a stop

to the parroting of this nonsense. Cromwell had Westminster Abbey in his hand and under his eye, and not only did he stable no horses in it, but we have the authority of Dean Stanley for saying that the great Protector not only protected it but warmly cherished it. Of a piece with this style of stereotyped slander is that also which charges upon the Puritans all the whitewashing that covered up the frescoes in so many of these edifices. But Dean Stanley assures us that "the practice of whitewashing was not peculiar to modern times or Protestant countries. Even the Norman nave of the abbey was whitewashed in the time of Edward III." The inscription over the door of the Cathedral of Toledo assures the reader that in a certain year "This holy church was repaired and whitewashed by the Archdeacon of Colatrara."

One Sunday afternoon we attended service in the Salisbury Cathedral. A large congregation assembled beneath the great spire. In due time the preacher ascended the pulpit and gave out his text. And although a worse auditorium could hardly be than the vast space of a cathedral, and, in many, many cases only a small proportion of the audience hear the speaker, in this case the preacher's voice, sonorous as a trumpet, carried his distinctly enunciated sentences to every ear in choir, nave, and transept. The text that rung out from the speaker's lips was, "These shall go away into everlasting punishment." And a more faithful, solemn, scriptural exposition of this awful doctrine is hardly possible. The speaker compelled attention, and the sermon must have reached many a heart and life.

AT LAKE WINDERMERE.

BELFAST was our first tarrying-place in Britain, and our last is Bowness, on the eastern shore of Lake Windermere, across the Irish Sea, not many leagunes east of Belfast. Ere we set out from home a much-travelled friend advised us to have our digestive organs refitted unless we wished to bring from England a well-developed dyspepsia ; and in fact our escape from such a fate is due more to the vigor of those organs than to the gastric solubility of much of the food committed to their manipulation, especially the *bread*. We are reminded of this by what seems to us the singular fact that at Belfast bread was set before us—white, light, sweet and every way worthy of a true blue Presbyterian stomach, and now again at Bowness bread of the same excellent character falls to our lot. But from Belfast, through London, Canterbury, Hastings and the Isle of Wight, Bala, Chester, and thence to Bowness, the bread was insuperable. Indeed, whenever we asked for bread, they invariably gave us a stone. Had we room in our trunks we had thought of importing an average English loaf for a paper weight. One thing, however, must be said in its favor ; the cutting of it three times a day at the table develops the museles of the arm like drawing one's self up on rope-ladders in a gymnasium. A section of one of these loaves discloses a series of large caverns, showing that the raising material, instead of being interfused through the mass, had been deposited here and there in spots, in which spots it had spent most of its force. In other words, the dough needed a great deal more kneading. Then the dividing walls between these caverns,

besides being of an ashy hue, partake of the consistency of gutta percha. And the crust ! It will not do to say that it is as hard as the flint-stones gathered from the chalk downs ; but it is dreadfully flint-like. We have not made the experiment, but we venture the surmise that in one of those two-story English loaves there are more hours of dyspeptic discomfort than there are headaches in a bottle of bad whiskey. If Mr. Gladstone, after securing the passage of the Franchise bill by the House of Lords, does not introduce a Bread Reform bill, it will surely be because the English loaf is too hard a material for him to handle.

In our circuit from Belfast to Windermere we travelled a good deal on English railways, and we found on the great lines, as, say, from Liverpool to London, a punctuality, speed and courteousness of conductors that left nothing to be desired. Without exception, however, on the other lines the trains were seldom punctual in setting out, and almost invariably a good while behind time in getting in. Besides, in a distance of a hundred miles, the number of changes from train to train was distressing, and the process still more so. A gentleman with a party of ladies arrives, for example, at the station at Bristol. The ladies are tired and need to find their place in the train that is to bear them on. Of course, they have a parcel or two, if not more. They need the aid of a gentleman. The distance over the bridge to the other platform is not small. But there are the trunks. They are not checked. Only a paper label distinguishes yours from the others—a label which baggage crushing may easily remove. Preferring your ladies to your luggage, you accompany them to the other and distant portion of the station. The moment for the train to move draws near, and no sign of your luggage. The ladies

enter the compartment, keeping the door open, ready at a signal to jump out. At the last moment, under a mountain of trunks, you discover your own, and enter the train. This was precisely our experience one day, when, in going less than seventy miles, we had four if not five of these changes to endure, and were on the way about five hours and a half ! From Hastings to Portsmouth we had like experience. In going some twenty miles, from Lakeside to Furness Abbey, owing to changes and detentions, we spent more than two hours. As we were in process of making one of these changes an English fellow-sufferer buried the whole system under the enormous English superlative — “ beastly !”

When we were at Bonchurch, Isle of Wight, we thought ourselves in Eden. When we reached the Beaufort Arms at Tinturn, and looked from our windows at the rich, green lawn beneath, dappled with gorgeous flower-beds, dotted with shrubbery clusters, presided over by stately evergreens, among them the curious and beautiful Chilian palm ; at the cosey amphitheatre of hills that rise so high, and which enfold the languishing remains of Tinturn Abbey, beautiful in decay as a cluster of American oaks and maples in the dying hues of autumn, we came to the conclusion that in England there were more Edens than one. But when, from the windows of the Crown Hotel at Bowness we looked down over chimneys and tree-tops upon Lake Windermere, especially when standing on the granite scalp of Orrest Head, we took in at a glance the whole lake with its mountain surroundings, we saw a picture of varied beauty not to be indicated by superlatives.

The lake is a diamond of the first water set in emeralds, as He alone who gems the sky with stars and the

earth with flowers knows how to set jewels of His own creation. It fills with liquid silver a valley lying north and south twelve miles, a mile wide in its widest part, and in places more than three hundred feet deep. Its shore-line is full of freaky impulses, shooting out in one place, retiring in another, advancing here on both sides as if the two shores would shake hands, leaving a narrow passage between them ; then, in a fit of self-assertion, pushing itself out on one side and coyly withdrawing on the other, these proceedings resulting in a beautiful irregularity of outline and shape. Ten or twelve islands, green with heavily-foliaged trees, lie on the bosom of the lake, and from its margin the scalloped shore rises here in grassy slopes as green as green knows how to be ; there in gentle acclivities thickly wooded ; here in abrupt ascents reaching hundreds of feet toward the clouds. The surface of the water is rippled with row-boats, flecked with white sails, and churned into foam by the dapper little steamers ever plying to and fro, bearing passengers in one direction toward Furness Abbey, and in the other toward Ambleside and lovely Grasmere.

If those “sears,” “tarns,” “forces,” “ghylls,” “fells,” “nabs,” pikes, peaks, precipices, passes and ravines that form the variegated rim around Lake Windermere were in Germany, they would be all alive with the ogres and giants, dragons and griffins of myth and legend. But, strange to say, scarce a griffin, goblin or ghost ever ventured among the hills that lift their heads among these English lakes, and even history seems to have steered pretty clear of them. Still they have not been wholly neglected.

Claife Heights, that rise from the water’s edge on the western side of the lake just opposite Bowness, are still inhabited by the “Crier of Claife.” One dark night,

three hundred years ago, a voice was heard calling for the boat. The ferryman put off from the shore, and for a time was lost to view ; by and by he returned without his expected passenger, but pale as death and speechless with horror. Nor did he ever recover from his fright, but died in twelve hours without articulating a word. For weeks after screams and yells issued from the hill, nor did they cease until a friar from Furness Abbey, either by sprinkling holy water on the sprite or by some other method equally potent, sealed his mouth and limited his wanderings to a very narrow circle.

Sitting here upon Orrest Head, and running the eye down the lake and along the course of the river Leven that carries the waters from Windermere, Rydal Water, Grasmere and Easedale-Tarn out to sea, there glimmers in the distance the silver sheen of Morecambe Bay, that on one side, with the Irish Sea on the other, incloses the peninsula of which Furness Abbey is the gem. Then over Claife Heights the eye is met by the rising ridges of Coniston Fells, with their garniture of glen, ravine, lakelet and "beek;" and at the northern extremity the Old Man of Coniston, who holds his head high up toward the clouds and nods to us his salutation across Coniston Water and Windermere. Farther north and west two mountain-nobs together assume the form of a lion *couchant*. This lion has been *couchant* a long time, and nothing but an earthquake is likely ever to rouse him. The parts that make up the lion are the Langdale Pikes. And nearer still is the Kirkstone Pass, along which we went to Ullswater. As we drove through this pass our jehu pointed out the "Kirkstone" after which the pass was named ; but he could give no account of the meaning of the name. Were the pass in Scotland

we should no doubt have been told that in the times of Claverhouse or his predecessors in persecution, the hunted people gathered around that stone, as a pulpit, and listened while the preacher told them the words of life. Hence it was called the “Kirk”-stone. But, as it was, we suggested to him the probability that the rock was one behind which highway robbers hid themselves, and one midnight, when Mr. Kirk came by with his hat full of diamonds and his pockets full of gold, which he had brought from India, they killed him, and now if one should go alone through that pass precisely at midnight, he would see Mr. Kirk flitting about in the gloom looking for his life and his treasure. The driver listened with evident interest, and it is possible that the narrative will become history, and find its way into the journal of many an inquisitive tourist.

Down in the basin beyond Kirkstone Pass is a deep lake, named “Brothers’ Waters,” because twice in the course of years two brothers ventured too near, and one of them fell in, and the other plunged after to save him, and both were drowned. Some envious sprite, it seems, lurks in that dread spot to watch for pairs of brothers, and to induce one of them to stumble in, and the other to jump after him to save him, so that both may be drowned. We had a brother travelling with us ; but on this trip we left him behind, and so escaped the sprite and the drowning. After a little we were sailing upon Ullswater—the English Lake Lucerne. It is encompassed with bald hills that rise right from the shore, and lift very high their close-shaven sides and summits patched with areas of bare rock. Looking from our eyrie on Orrest Head westward of the passage to Ullswater, we see the course of the beautiful drive from Ambleside to Rydal Water and Grasmere. At Rydal

Mount, on our right, buried in with roses and ivy, is the unpretending cottage where Wordsworth spent so many of his years, and now the shrine toward which pilgrims are ever going. A little farther up the lake is Nab Cottage, for long the home of Hartley Coleridge—an edifice in external look not much superior to the cottage of the Dairyman's Daughter in the Isle of Wight. Beyond this is Grasmere, on the edge of Grasmere Lake, the Westminster Abbey, where in solitary repose the bones of Wordsworth lie. That narrow path to the north-west under the shadow of the "Lion and the Lamb," two great mounds that crown the summit of the mountains, leads from the head of Grasmere to Easedale, which the tragic fate of George and Sarah Green, assisted by the magic pen of DeQuincey, has made immortal. A more touching story, more touchingly told, we do not know in literature. These two poor people left their home at Blentarn Ghyll one winter day, and six children, the eldest nine years old, to climb a mountain three thousand feet high, and make their way to a sale at Langdale-head, six miles away. They went, but on their return lost their way and perished in the mist and snow, and the snow-storm not only obliterated the path of the poor wandering parents, but buried the little cottage with its fleecy pile, and cut them off from all communication with the outer world. For two days Agnes, the eldest, watched the little flock, fed them, made them say their prayers at night ere she put them to bed, and on the third led them through the snows to Grasmere, where they told their tale and at once received relief. The body of the father was found at the foot of a precipice, and that of the mother on the summit. The story reached the ears of the Queen at Windsor, and she and three of her daughters made liberal contributions for the

orphaned family of Blentarn Ghyll. And Wordsworth wrote of them :

“ Who weeps for strangers ? Many wept
For George and Sarah Green ;
Wept for that pair’s unhappy fate,
Whose graves may here be seen.

“ By night upon these stormy fells
Did wife and husband roam ;
Six little ones at home had left,
And could not find that home.

“ For *any* dwelling-place of man
As vainly did they seek ;
He perished and a voice was heard,
The widow’s lonely shriek !

“ Not many steps and she was left
A body without life ;
A few short steps were the chain that bound
The husband and the wife.

“ Now do these gently featured hills
Look gently on his grave ;
And quiet now the depths of air
As sea without a wave.

“ But deeper lies the heart of peace
In quiet more profound ;
The heart of quietness is here
Within this churchyard bound.

“ And from all agony of mind
It keeps them safe and far ;
From fear and grief and from all need
Of sun or guiding star.

“ O darkness of the grave ! how deep,
After that living night—
That last and dreary living one
Of sorrow and affright !

“ O sacred marriage-bed of death !
That keeps them side by side,
In bond of peace, in bond of love
That may not be untied !”

OUR SABBATHS IN GREAT BRITAIN.

PRESBYTERIAN pastors hear very little more preaching than the heathen do, and while the duty of preaching the Gospel is at once a high honor and a most precious privilege, yet to sit in the pew, with no other responsibility but to worship in prayer and song, and in listening and applying to the heart well-digested, devout, and spiritual expositions of the Gospel, is a luxury richly enjoyed when circumstances permit. This luxury it was our lot to enjoy for ten or twelve Sabbaths in succession.

Having, since our visit abroad ten years ago, heard such a din from the chatter and clamor, the bravado and bluster of unbelief ; having read insinuations and obtrusive and exultant assertions that in the ever-clearing atmosphere of "scientific truth," Gospel faith in the Old World was becoming pale and sickly, and was asking for shroud and coffin, we kept eyes and ears wide open for symptoms of paralyzing Agnosticism in pulpit and pew ; for evidence that the old, old story of Jesus and His love was losing its charm for the hearts and souls of men. We looked everywhere upon the walls of the Holy City for marks left by the battering-ram, and if we do not greatly mistake, we found them. The last ten years have been signalized by savage assaults upon the Bible, inspiration, prayer, and even theism itself. Prayer tests have been sneeringly suggested. Science has been suborned to lie against the Holy Ghost. Sciolists have caught up the ambiguously-expressed hypotheses of the scientific fancy, and iterated and reiterated them as scientific facts, until levity has made itself merry over truths as grand as angels ever pondered—as

solemn as death and eternity. And as we have said, these violent assaults have left visible marks upon the walls of Zion—marks, however, quite other than unbelief anticipated. If we are not greatly in error, the effect has been to unify the hosts of God's elect ; to lead them to turn the eye from minute denominational differences, and fix it full upon the great doctrines common to all ; they have added intensity to Christian zeal, and fervor to Christian love ; they have led to the confirmation of orthodox faith, and to a deepened assurance of the power and effectiveness of prayer.

In our round of Sabbaths, we have attended service—in one instance four times on a Sabbath—often and almost always three times. We have worshipped with every Christian denomination, from that in Westminster Abbey to that in General Booth's Eagle Tavern Theatre. We have heard Canon Westcott and the Hastings Street preacher. We have listened to the aged patriarch, the middle-aged, and the young divine just getting mastery of his shield and battle-axe.

One of the first points of observation was of course that of Sabbath observance, the heed given to the command, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." Our situation in London, within a stone's throw of Trafalgar Square, gave us the opportunity of noting the regard paid to the Sabbath in one of the nerve-centres of the great metropolis. During the week, as all visitors in that part of London know, Trafalgar Square is one surging mass of life, bustle, and noise. It was said by a New York legislator that it required more brains to cross Broadway without loss of some portion of his attire than it does to be justice of the peace in the country. But Trafalgar Square on a week-day is two or three Broadways concentrated into one. The gymnastics

required to get safely across that square, or any of the streets that empty into it or flow out of it, are sometimes trying and sometimes ludicrous. But when we woke on Sabbath morning in that vicinity, and by and by went forth on our way to the place of worship through that square, the aspect of things was calmly, sweetly Sabbatical. Traffic was suspended, shops were closed, and the chief stir in the streets was evidently that of people going their various ways to the house of God. Of course there were Sabbath-breakers more or fewer, but the change from the week-day bustle to Sabbath quiet was as distinctly marked as the change from night to day. Nor were our observations confined to Trafalgar Square and vicinity. They ranged over many a square mile of the great city, and the force of Sabbath influence upon that city of four millions of people was very impressive.

And what was true of London was equally true, and more emphatically true, of every place where we spent the Sabbath, except at Liverpool. At Canterbury the quiet of holy rest was broken only when the people began to flock to the churches, and then at the close of services the streets were full of people. At Ventnor, in the Isle of Wight, we spent two Sabbaths, and what was true of Canterbury was true there to almost an equal degree. The Sabbath we spent at Bala, in Wales, was intensely Sabbatical in its quiet, and its thronged attendance at the houses of worship. At Salisbury and Bowness there was nothing on this point to be desired.

The one exception to the rule was Liverpool. The difference may have been due to the difference in our location. We were at the North-western Hotel. During the morning there was comparative quiet, but in the afternoon the street before the hotel was thronged with

people of anything but devout deportment. There were crowds of workingmen, a large proportion of them young men, and during the evening throngs of women, young women, filling the dram-shops, leaning against the counters, and drinking with the men. We saw comparatively little drunkenness, but a great deal of coarse recklessness of manner, that told of disregard of the restraints, not only of religion but of virtue. On inquiry, we were told that that section of the city was a noted resort of people of the dissolute classes. With this exception, so far as our observation reached, the Sabbath holds the minds of the people with remarkable power.

Next we noted the psalmody. Perhaps it is too much to expect of know-nothing agnosticism, of rationalistic criticism, of wavering doubt and blind denial, or of scientific positivism, anything like a song. What have these to sing about? Negations, perhapses, and per-adventures refuse to go into metre and rhyme. They drop no oil into the flame of poesy. There is nothing in them to set "the eye with a fine frenzy rolling." The heart has no echo, music no scale for such words as

"How sweet annihilation sounds
On man's death-startled ear."

At any rate unbelief has as yet not come within speaking distance of the psalmody of the Church. Within the last ten years extensive modifications have been made in Christian psalmody. Large additions have increased its volume, and all in the line of pure, evangelical Trinitarian faith. Some of these additions have been drawn from the best productions of the distant past; some from the heart of the present, all full of the grace of the Gospel. Not only in the great cathedral and the imposing edifice of the great Christian denominations, but also

in the rough camp of the Salvation Army, and in the rude throngs gathered around the evangelizer at the street corner, we hear the same suppliant song to the divine Christ, the same exultant song of salvation through faith in the sacrifice of Calvary. Only one who is far from home, and from all accustomed Sabbath associations, can know the emotions that thrill the soul as, entering a church of strangers, the familiar song breaks on the ear from hundreds of voices, "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds," "All hail the power of Jesus' name," "Sun of my soul, my Saviour dear," and others like these. The psalmody, wherever we encountered it in England, was rich with all that the Christian's heart loves.

As with the psalmody, so with the prayers. In the Church of England, of course, there is no change. But the prayers in the other churches, with very rare and insignificant exceptions, express not only the devotional feelings, but the doctrinal sentiments of the Gospel. In these prayers the theological and christological sentiments are sure to come into view. In prayer for salvation the suppliant will not disguise his belief as to the soul's peril of everlasting death. And through all the varied round of our observation, the prayers in English pulpits of all denominations were devout, fervent, proper in diction, and full of sentiments which are the offspring of purest Gospel doctrine.

On these Sabbaths we heard a great many sermons, and with one exception they were sound in doctrine and powerful in practical teaching. The pulpit in the Foundling Hospital, London, is, as we understand, supplied in turn from various quarters. The morning we attended there, it was filled by a youngish clergyman of parts and education, whose air and manner reminded us forcibly of Cowper's curate in the "Task." He was ex-

eedingly well "got up." He laid his manuscript on the cushion before him with an air of studious ostentation, and deliberately scrutinized especially the ladies of the congregation ere he opened with his discourse. This proved to be a carefully and sufficiently well written essay on selfishness. It bristled with quotations from the great essayists, and did credit to the preacher's literary reading. Of Scripture it embraced little, of religion none, of Gospel principle nothing but perversion. At the close he said that if any reliance was to be placed in the statements of Scripture, "love of man is salvation." As demonstration of this, he quoted the words of Christ, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these," etc. His system of religion as preached that morning omitted Christ in all His offices, excepting simply as an example of kindness to man. Justification by works, the antithesis of that of Paul and Luther, is the only justification needed by man.

With this exception, and we heard Methodists, Baptists, Congregationalists, Episcopalians, Evangelists, and Presbyterians, with this exception every sermon we heard was carefully prepared, well delivered, and sweetly, graciously evangelical. One of the most solemn sermons to which we ever listened we heard in Salisbury Cathedral. One of the richest and most sensibly practical sermons that could be preached we heard in the Wesleyan Methodist Church in Liverpool. So far as we could judge from what we saw and heard, we are thoroughly persuaded that the doctrine of the Christian pulpit of England was never more sound, the preaching never more earnest, practical, and efficient, the faith of the Christian masses in the truth of the whole Word of God never more profound and unwavering, and the Christian spirit more truly devout than now.

One thing greatly surprised us, and this was the fact that in no one of the great places of resort, as hotels and boarding-houses, did we find any directory to places of worship. At the great North-western Hotel of Liverpool, for example, thronged as it so often is with strangers, we could gain no information as to the churches. Theatres, railway routes, indeed notices of almost everything else, met the eye except notices where people might find the house of God. In our country the young men of the church, or the Young Men's Christian Associations, see to it that a neat, conspicuous list of the churches of the place meets the eye, with the name of the denomination, the pastor, and the hours of service. But no such notice did we see in England. In Liverpool we had great difficulty in finding a church at all other than those of the Establishment.

HOMeward Bound.

AGAIN on board the good, stanch steamship City of Richmond, which for many years has carried precious cargoes of human life over smooth seas, and through howling storms, and among billows big as herself, and come off easily victor in every windy, watery conflict. We look round in vain for our bulky, hearty, social, able Captain Land, but find his place well filled by Captain Lewis, of nearly equal physical dimensions, those of a typical, full-sized Englishman. But if we have changed captains, we have kept the purser, for which we are thankful. A more genial, gentlemanly, obliging, heart-

ily social officer than our broad-faced, broad-shouldered friend, Purser Collar, we do not wish to find. In due time we ascertain that our luggage is well distributed between state-room and hold, and we take a look at the pantry-shelves on which we are to spend our nights, partly in sleep, and partly in efforts—in the main successful—to keep from being deposited on the floor.

One of these great steamships is a little world afloat. We have on board three sharply divided social classes—steerage, intermediate, and saloon. Each of these classes is shaded off by gradations upward and downward. No doubt the eye that looks through the outward appearance into the life sees in the steerage many a jewel more than worthy of the saloon, and in the saloon an occasional paste diamond that would be greatly over-honored by a place in the steerage. As at Queenstown we watched the emptying of the overloaded tender into our steerage, and saw the kissings and rekissings and kissings again at the separation of parents with daughters, brother with sister, for the long voyage to a strange land ; saw women of almost every age loaded down with huge bundles, flushed with excitement, startled by the harsh words of some rough luggage-handler bidding them hither and thither, and then huddled indiscriminately together upon the deck, our sympathies were stirred, and we were thankful that no such lot had fallen to those that clustered about us in our American home. But right athwart our pitying sympathies came the thought, how short a period will have passed when many of these Bridgets now so obedient to the sharp behests of every surly underling would be putting on queenly airs in our homes and worrying the life out of their mistresses.

KRAO.

Among our passengers in the saloon is the child Krao, another of the "missing links" of the Barnums of science and of showmen. After having been exhibited in various cities in Europe she is now on her way to America as a specimen of the animal world, which, as her possessor informs me, is the product of millions of years of "development" from the monkey or some other beastly ancestor. According to the account we received, years ago an agency, consisting of several men, proceeded to northern Siam, where rumor reported the existence of a certain tribe of hairy savages. These bipeds, it is said, are difficult to catch, and when caught, hard to tame. The King of Siam generally has a few families of them in his stalls, and on occasion gives away a male or female, or both. The father of Krao, who is not living, was thickly covered—face and body—with hair, long, silky and black, and was hideous to behold, as is the mother, who is still living. The father after capture retained all his savage propensities, refused to speak, resisted all the approaches of civilization, and indeed seemed hardly better than idiotic. The mother, however, is docile, and if her life is spared may yet, let us hope, become an ornament of society.

This Siamese biped, the offspring of an idiot father, who—if we can legitimately employ this relative and not be compelled to switch off to "which"—was put under tuition only twenty months ago, showed herself to be, in intellect, quite the equal, if not the superior, of most American children of her age. Krao is seven or eight years old. She is apparently well formed, rather stout, healthy-looking, and with a remarkably fine head. Her nose is lumpy, her lips very thick,

her eyes large and black, and the expression of her face anything but that of a savage. Her skin is of a light copper color. Over the white children, who seem to delight in her company, she assumes a position somewhat of authority. She is singularly shy in answering questions. It would seem that a question takes her rather by surprise and makes a demand upon her knowledge of language to which she is unequal. This confuses her, and she quickly leaves you. But her imagination is vivid and active, and she delights in telling stories, inventing the incidents as she goes along. Listening to her one evening as she entertained a group of children about her, I heard her say :

“ One time there was a little boy and girl—no, a little girl, and the mothā said to the little girl, ‘ You must go to school.’ So the little girl went to school, and the teachā said, ‘ You must learn this.’ But the little girl wouldn’t learn it. And the teachā said, ‘ You must learn it.’ But the little girl wouldn’t learn it. So the little girl went away, and there was a tree with a hole in it, and the little girl went into the hole in the tree and stayed there a whole year, and then went home to her mothā.” There seemed to be no limit to her faculty for spinning out such stories. One of her playmates, with the honest frankness of childhood, said to her, “ Oh, Krao, but you are homely.” To which Krao replied, “ If you was in Siam and no more hair on yon than you have, they’d say you was homely too.” This so styled recently caught savage speaks tolerably good English and equally good German.

The one obvious peculiarity of Krao is her hair. That on her head is very black, long and straight, resembling closely that of the American Indian. Her eyebrows are very thick and black. Her upper lip is thinly though

decidedly mustached. Her yellow cheeks are thinly, quite thinly, covered with black, silky hair. Down the sides of her cheeks near the ears, is a wisp of the same fine, silky hair. Such is the missing link which is to be exhibited at our museums.

A DESIDERATUM SUPPLIED.

It is probably quite common, at the close of a tour abroad, to regret that this or that was not done, this or that place not visited. And our party, when fairly embarked on a smooth, lovely blue sea, under a sky all smiles, began to feel anticipatory regret at the prospect of having twice crossed the Atlantic without any experience of a “rough sea.” To pass over six thousand miles of ocean surface, as a duck swims over a barnyard pond, seemed so stupidly prosaic and void of romance, when almost all voyagers encounter storms of which the ship captain assures them that “in thirty years he has never seen the like,” would diminish by one half the satisfaction of an otherwise extremely satisfactory tour.

But how often we meet trouble half way ! All our sad anticipations of a prosaic home voyage were purely gratuitous. Within three days from Queenstown the much desiderated “roughness” was vouchsafed to an extent that awakened misgivings lest the matter should be somewhat overdone. We suddenly fell heir to a “sea” got up and bequeathed us by an antecedent gale. Square miles of white-caps, which on babies or billows are indicative of squalls, appeared, and with results on board somewhat more than satisfactory. To be precipitated, as the writer was while struggling to gain the companion-way, straight through the door of somebody else’s state-room, startling and astonishing the inmates and necessitating humiliating apologies ; to come to the

table, as did some of our party, paler than Hamlet's ghost, cast one despairing look at the viands so tempting, and withdraw with a sigh, and in some cases with unseemly precipitation ; to spend hours and hours lying on the back, with eyes fixed on the bottom of the berth above, as if the frescoes on the ceiling of the Santa Maria Maggiore or the mosaics of the dome of St. Peter's at Rome there met the longing gaze ; this and much more and much worse goes a good way toward reconciling one to a voyage unadorned with "rough weather." Seeing one of the port-holes open, the merry Atlantic entered in person, to the thorough moistening of the inmates, bedding and habiliments. When the port-holes were closed against him the frisky old gentleman came aboard in torrents upon a large congregation of steerage passengers, scattering them as if a dynamite bomb had let itself loose among them. In some cases the tie that held a deck-chair in place gave way, on occasion of an extra vigorous lurch of the vessel, and sent chair and occupant down the incline "like larwine loosened from the mountain's belt." In one state-room, during the night, the wash-stand broke from its moorings and the berth broke down, and cosmos suddenly reverted to chaos. At table, the life of which the chickens, ducks, lambs, etc., had been robbed to gratify our appetites seemed to have taken possession of the dishes, knives, forks, spoons, etc., which suddenly took to skipping in lively fashion about the table and on to the floor. On the whole, the frame of mind began to prevail that agreed most cordially with that of the grave Counsellor Gonzalo : "Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground, long heath, brown furze—anything."

A NON-DESIDERATUM SUPPLIED.

It was about mid-day, and our good ship was pitching head first like a runaway horse into the huge seas that rolled their great hulks upon our bows, making everything shiver again, when suddenly something gave way and the engine stopped and left the ship rolling like a log in a very rough sea. Whether she had begun to break up with the fearful banging, or whether some serious leak had sprung, or the shaft had broken, few knew, and those few would not tell. All we knew was that our progress had been stopped in mid-ocean, and that our ship was rolling from side to side in a wild sea. Some of the passengers were thrown into distressing alarm. Many felt much more than they expressed. In this condition of things an hour passed, and then another, when word reached us from the captain that in another hour we should be again on our way. A sigh of great relief went out from hundreds of breasts when again the familiar thump of the engine announced the resumption of our voyage. Why on such occasions the captain should not give some intimation to the passengers of the actual condition of things is very difficult for landsmen to see.

A CITY ON THE SEA.

As our friend Judge David Wills, of Gettysburg, a co-Pan-Presbyterian Councillor, emerged upon the deck one morning, he was greeted by a son of Erin, a fellow-passenger, with the information that land had been seen on the southern side of the ship. This was welcome news to the judge, as it was now Friday, and he was anxious to reach home before Sunday. "Yes," said his informant, "we passed the City of Chester. I saw the smoke and steeples, though I could not see the houses."

"City of Chester," said the judge, "I know of no city of that name except one on the Delaware below Philadelphia."

"Well, I dunno how it is, but that's wat a heard 'em sayin'."

Some time after, this Irish landseer returned to the judge and said, "I was mistaken, sir. It was not land we saw, but the steamship City of Chester."

At last, one evening, when the sun was well down toward the horizon, we sighted Fire Island Beach, which, in our impatience, seemed to have no western terminus; then came Oak Island Beach, and Jones's Beach, and Rockaway Beach, and Coney Island, and now we serpentineed our way among buoys and lightboats and other craft into the grand inclosure of New York Bay. But, thanks to that three hours' detention at sea, we were just too late to do anything further than cast anchor and wait for the day. Across the waters lay the southern segment of New York City sparkling with starry lights, and on our right a smaller segment of Brooklyn, also ablaze with illuminating jets, and that magnificent Bridge, a radiant, sparkling arch between the two !

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